The Legenda 1902

INFORMATION BUREAU
WELLESLEY COLLEGE
WELLESLEY, MASS.

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SENIOR CLASS

The LEGENDA

WELLESLEY COLLEGE

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWO

ELLIOTT, PHILA.

Dedicated
To the Spirit of Frivolity

YOUNG LADIES' COLLEGE COMPANION

Special Wellesley Number

Published by the Class of 1902

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"'Neath the Oaks of our Dear Old Wellesley"

From diverse states and sections,
  And with diverse ends in view,
We come from all directions,
  O Wellesley, to you.

I.

In a huddled mass chaotic
  We are home-sick units merely:
  We wail—you speak severely,
And we call your rule despotic.
  (Not seeing in our blindness,

Ourselves uncouth and raw,
  We cannot feel the kindness
That hides behind your law.)

II.

And some work without ceasing
  And some too often play;
  Each holds fast her own way
Our scorn and pride increasing.
  (Yet our strife, you do not fear it,
But working, ever smile,
  For unseen, the College Spirit
Grows in us all the while.)

III.

We lose each old illusion:
  We carp and criticise:
  We doubt, grow silly, wise,
And our world seems all confusion.
  (But you work on still hoping:
You have seen these many years,
  The same vague spirit-groping,
The same dim doubts and fears.)

IV.

In the pride of our new learning
  We argue at your words,
  Perversely into swords
Your gifts against you turning.
  (But calm you wait yet, patiently,
Howe'er your heart be sore:
  This too you knew had need to be,
You had dealt with it before.)

V.

Now, when 'tis time to leave you,
  We at last begin to find
  How mild you were, and kind,
And repent that we did grieve you.
  Now that we leave your gate,
The wrong that we did, forgive!
  Receive our thanks, though the thanks
      be late,
For making us strong to live.

We pass: but other daughters
  Our well-loved places fill;
And for them the gray lake waters
  Mirror your beauty still.

Her Wellesley Experience

(Letters from a Young Girl to Her Mother)

Dearest Mama: At Wellesley, September 22, 1899.

I am not at all homesick. Of course I am sorry to be away from you, but I know that you consider it best for me to make this long visit to my foster mother, and I shall try not to complain. And, indeed, I think I shall have no cause to complain. Mater Alma, as everybody here calls her, is charming, and I know I shall grow to love her more and more. Everybody seems glad to see me, and seems to try to make me feel at home; I think they are probably all impressed because I am so much larger than my age would lead them to expect. You know Mater Alma has several people visiting her, and lots of attendants and servants. I have met nearly all the girls, I think. The one whom they call Christine, I think her last name is A'Soshashun, met me at the train and gave me a business-like handshake. Then I went up to the house where I met Narcissus Nyntynyn and a girl named Iris something. Narcissus is the grandest thing I ever saw, but I am a little bit afraid of her. She seems old and awfully dignified, and nearly always dresses in black. Iris seems nice and jolly, but too much wrapped up in her own affairs to pay much attention to me. I almost forgot to mention that smart little Carrie Nation; she is so queer. She is lovely to me one minute and makes fun of me the next. I 'll get it back at her; they say she is slow and can't play outdoor games much. I 'll show her what I can do in basketball. Her hair looks as if she had just begun to put it up, and all of her skirts are finished at the bottom with broad braid or a piece of bias velvet.

Mater Alma has a lovely house and the most *beautiful* grounds. I have been boating on the lake and have a blister on each thumb. In the house there is a nice big hall with palms in the centre; it is a nice place to give a party in, and the girls say Mater Alma lets them give parties to each other whenever they like. Christine got up one for me last night. Everybody in the house was invited, and they must all be autograph fiends. Everybody asked me to write my name on her card, and Christine told me to do the same, so I did. A lady who is visiting Mater Alma, her name is Mrs. Presydent and she seems to be the guest of honor, got up on the stairs

and made such a nice speech that it almost made me cry. When I met her afterward I asked her very politely to write her name on my card ; she did it and I showed it to Christine. She looked scared and said I shouldn't have done it. I don't see why I should have left her out, do you ?

Well, while all these pleasant things were happening, Mater Alma sent me word by her private secretary that she thought it well for me to have a governess for a little while, and for me to come in and meet her. Her name is Miss Math, and of all tiresome, disagreeable people that ever I met, she is the worst. Carrie Nation seems to like her though, for she is still taking lessons of her, and Mater Alma doesn't expect you to, after you have been here as long as Carrie has.

And I have other troubles besides the governess. There is an English lady visiting Mater Alma, and she, Mater Alma, thinks I should spend at least an hour a week with the English lady, for awhile, because she is so cultured and will improve my language. My language suits me all right, and that hour a week is going to be a great bore. The English lady is inquisitive beyond imagination. She actually told me to *write* out my first impressions of Mater Alma and hand them in to her. I don't think "hand in" is such elegant English, do you, mama ?

Well, I 've written so much that I will have to pay extra postage, and besides I am sleepy. Good night.

From your loving daughter,

MARGUERITE.

Dearest Mama : AT WELLESLEY, October 28, 1899.

Saturday evening Carrie Nation gave me that reception that she has been talking about ever since I came. It was very nice when I could find my partner—we danced, you know—but most of the time I was flattened up against a pillar letting people step upon my toes, while I waited for the unknown on my card to come and claim me. Altogether, though, it was a very nice party, and Carrie was just scrumptious to me ; she sent me almost a dozen carnations and came for me in a carriage. I wore my high school graduating dress ; I 'm afraid I can't wear it again until the flounce is mended.

Don't you think you could send me a box, mama ? I know that it is dreadfully impolite to speak of such things when one is visiting, but really I fear I shall never, never, *never* learn to eat baked eggs or creamed beef of the kind we have for luncheon.

I am getting on better with Miss Math than I did ; that is, I don't pay very much attention to her. Iris told me the other day that some time I may wish that I had paid more attention to her, but how can I when there are so many other things to do?

I have promised my room mate to play golf now, so I must close.

With much love,

Your Daughter Marguerite.

February 27, 1900.

O, mama dear, don't you think I could come home? I haven't been at all homesick until now, but now it just seems to me I cannot stay here a day longer. It all comes of the foolish customs and pastimes that they have here. They have been playing that boresome game, "Cross questions and silly answers," steadily for a week, and I have been forced to play whether I wanted to do it or not. They don't call it "cross questions" here—they call it "Mid-years." I didn't mind it so much until it was Miss Math's turn ; she asked the most embarrassing questions. I suppose she is just getting it back at me for not paying more attention to her.

The game has made me terribly nervous, so I am staying up long after ten, the usual bed time in Mater Alma's household ; if I am not careful, the House Committee will be upon me. The House Committee is a harmless group of girls whom Mater Alma has asked to see that we all go to bed at the sacred hour of ten. Of course they never do anything, but it is fashionable to be afraid of them. So I must bring this to a close.

Yours, with a great deal of love,

Mar.

P. S.—I had to turn out my light suddenly last night to escape the House Committee. I just wanted to tell you that Mater Alma's private secretary says that she thinks I came out of that silly game very creditably, or with credit, I believe she said, and I need not play it any more for a long time. So my spirits have started on the upward road, and Iris has cheered them on by promising to get up some private theatricals for me before long. So that if papa will just not forget to send the check I wrote to him about, I shall be as happy as a lark.

As ever, your affectionate daughter,

Marguerite.

Dear Mama : June 6.

I haven't time to write a long letter, and there isn't much to tell ; we just have been doing the same things that we always do. That is, except yesterday. Then Mater Alma told us that we were not to do a thing all day but play out in the open air, that we were to have a regular field day. And she said that the one of us who made the best record in the games should have a silver cup. Of course I got it. You know I told you once before that I would get even with Carrie Nation. I should think I did ; I made her look like thirty cents. Excuse me, I did not mean to use that expression ; I can imagine you holding up your hands and wondering if that is what I am getting out of my visit to Mater Alma. I didn't learn it from Mater Alma or the English lady.

By the way, I must go immediately and "hand in" to that same lady my impressions of Mater Alma's back yard. Love to papa and the children. With love,

MARGUERITE.

Dearest Mama : June 9.

This has been a long, hard day, but for all that, I have had a better time to-day than any time since I have been here. I got up very early this morning. That little Carrie Nation woke me by running about under my window making all manner of fun of a tree that I had had planted for Mater Alma. You know that Mater Alma has been kinder to me since I have been here (all except making me have that governess) than anybody except you, mama dear, could possibly be, so that I have been anxious for some opportunity to do something for her. Well, I noticed that she needed a tree over by the dining room, so I bought one with my own money—a beautiful cut leaf weeping birch—and had it planted there as a surprise to Mater Alma. In fact I didn't tell anyone for I wanted to surprise the Mater to-day, the day of her big garden party. But of course that busybody Carrie Nation found it out and, as I said, was jeering at it. Of course I did not like that, and in my anger I picked up one of her most dearly prized possessions, called the Ready Orator, and almost threw it out the window at her ; but something within me told me to keep myself a lady whatever she did, so I put it back where I got it. Wasn't that a victory ? But Carrie Nation was so angry that she wouldn't pass me the sugar at breakfast.

Well, I know you want to hear about the garden party. It was a sort of coming out party for me, although I am to keep right on with the governess, etc. I wore my new French dress and everybody said I looked very pretty and behaved nicely. Narcissus was beautiful ;

she still wore chiefly black, but it was relieved, as the society reporters would say, with spangled, butterfly-like liberty silk.

I shall be so sorry when Narcissus leaves; she says she must go soon. And Mater Alma, although she seems fond of her, makes no effort to keep her longer. I spoke of that to Iris, but she says that is Mater Alma's way of showing her approval of the girls. Isn't that strange? Your loving daughter,

MARGY.

Dear Mama: June 20.

You know, after the garden party I was to be delivered from Miss Math, also from my seances with the English lady, and I was jubilant. But this happy condition of affairs was only to be brought about by good work for Miss Math and careful attention to my remarks to the English lady. Well, I may have a shred of brain left, but I am inclined to think not. I stuffed my head so full of formulæ that I think I squeezed out the brain. Also I had to spend part of the check you sent me to buy my hat with, for coffee. Mater Alma never seemed to think to send it to me, no matter how late I stayed up. Probably she did not expect me to stay up late, but she must have thought I could work Trig. problems automatically, for she filled up my daytime with matters "not worth while." (Result of association with English lady.) I have spent nearly all of every afternoon on the lake. At the end of the month Mater Alma says she expects to ask about a thousand people out to float. I hope they all know how, for Mr. Parkins, he 's Mater Alma's best friend, could never save them all if they took it into their heads to drown.

My coffee is boiled now, so I must drink it and demolish that last shred of brain with some more sines and cosines.

Your desperate daughter,

MARGUERITE.

P. S.—I will write to you as soon as I find whether or not I get rid of the dragons.

Dearest Mama: Sept. 26.

History repeats itself. Who would have thought that when I was once delivered from the English lady, that another one would arrive just in time to take her place! I suppose you will think I ought to be happy at getting rid of Miss Math; and so I was, for a season, but Mater Alma says now that I do not have Miss Math I can spend just twice as much time with her

English guest. Sometimes I think Mater Alma must be a corporation ; there are some matters in which she seems to have no soul. At any rate, it isn't one of mercy.

To return to the English lady. She is worse than the other one. The first one, as I probably told you, was of a wonderfully imaginative turn of mind ; but her curiosity was satisfied with descriptions of the places we go in the summers, or with descriptions of how I used to feel when I was a little girl and dropped my piece of bread and butter, while this one asks my opinion on every conceivable thing—asks me to discourse at length upon the advantages and disadvantages of a girl's living on an allowance, and whether or not the Boers are justified in the war.

There is a new girl here now. She is very new indeed ; in Biblical language, "she knows not how to come in and go out." But she has learned that she must come in when Miss Math has need of her. She has been visiting a lady named Mrs. Prep Schule, who is a person of a good deal of importance, I believe, which may account for Mater Alma's treating her young charge with such extreme kindness. I suppose from the fact that the new girl, little Rosie, has been with Mrs. Prep Schule so long, that she has no mother ; she certainly acts as if, like Topsy, she had "just growed." And as the gardener would say, she seems to have run principally to top—green and spreading, but without much root.

Mater Alma told all of us old girls when she first came, a few days ago, that we were to look out for her and do all we could to help her. Well, one of the very first things I noticed about her was a tendency to gluttony. I never saw but one evidence of it, and I think my prompt action cured her. Not content with the food at Mater Alma's table, she bought a big feast—olives and cake and all sorts of good things—and locked it in her room during dinner, intending, selfishly, to eat it all alone in the evening. Of course, I knew that it would make her ill and unable to work for Miss Math for a week. I knew how that would ruffle Miss Math, so I determined to save little Rosie from future trouble, at whatever cost to myself. So I quietly removed the feast ; I had to climb in through the transom to get it, and otherwise inconvenience myself, but I didn't mind, for it was for Rosie's good—I started to write goods, but of course I did not mean that. When I had gotten possession of the feast I did not know where to put it, and as I did not wish to let it spoil, I was obliged to eat it. Of course, Rosie was very angry when she found it out ; she came and demanded her "food" very vociferously. I only smiled indulgently, remembering my own childhood days, and when she had calmed down a little, I asked her in to have a cup of tea with me.

Soon, so that no one can say that Carrie Nation treated me better than I treat Rosie, I must get up a pillar dodging party for her. No, that is not the same as a pillow fight ; I suppose Rosie will call it a dance.

By the way, please send me some money. Pillar dodging parties are expensive. Give my love to the people who ask about me. Affectionately,

MARGUERITE.

Dear Mama: June 10.

This is the day of Mater Alma's second big garden party. This one is for Rosie. Of course, the attention of everybody must be turned toward her to-day. I began early to do my share. I had heard that about the first thing for which Rosie had expressed a preference after she got well settled here and began to "take notice," was that rather peculiar combination of colors, pink and red. So as a delicate compliment to her I wore those colors down to breakfast. But bless you, so far from liking it, it ruffled her, to put it mildly; she seemed to think she had the exclusive right to wear those colors. I must do something to appease the child, but just now I must go to see about my gown for this afternoon.

Later. I forgot all about doing anything for Rosie, because I had my hands pretty full with Carrie Nation. She has actually seemed to be shrinking in size ever since I knew her, but her idea of her own importance develops in an inverse proportion to her size, as Miss Math would say. She is still a good deal of a child, and last evening she thought she would have a bonfire all by herself, and not let any one else even see it. So she sneaked off after dinner, alone. Of course I found it out and followed; it wasn't hard to get off, because Mater Alma doesn't look after me as closely as she did, now that she has Rosie to take care of. Maybe Carrie wasn't angry when she saw me. She was just ready to set the match to her bonfire, but she left that and turned on me like a tigress. I had had all the fun I wanted, by following her and spoiling her pretty little plan, so I let her think that she was getting the best of me. She tied me down, I pretending to resist, and then she made some marks on my forehead. They came off without any trouble, so that was all right.

But it was that little affair which was responsible for to-day's trouble. She abducted, spirited away, stole (I can't think of any words bad enough) my most beloved and trusted maid, one we call Frances the Huge—I suppose that is the reason Carrie had to take three of the biggest girls she could muster, to do the deed. Well, there was no use talking about it, I couldn't and wouldn't go to the garden party without her help, and I didn't know what I was going to do. But luckily Frances has a brain as big as her name; she outwitted Carrie Nation and got back to me safe and sound. As soon then as I could get ready I went to the garden party. I was somewhat late and a little excited, but the look of helpless surprise on Carrie Nation's face when

she saw her erstwhile captive, more than compensated for my anxiety earlier, and I could watch with undivided interest the coming out of little Rosie. She is really a nice child, with a proper sense of her own unworthiness.

As ever your loving daughter,

MARGUERITE.

Sept.

Well, mother dear, here I am again at Mater Alma's, wishing my week with you had been longer. But if anything could console me, it would be the fact that Mater Alma has said that I shall keep the silver cup that she gave me awhile ago. All the girls, even a little newcomer named Violet Nyntynfor, tried to get it from me, but Mater Alma says that I am the most athletic girl here, and that I shall keep it.

But, alas! this is offset by the fact—would you believe it—*another* English lady, a sister of the last one, is visiting Mater Alma, and of course, making my life miserable. She devotes herself almost exclusively to me, although she is occasionally patronizing enough to listen to long arguments from Carrie Nation. That is her fad, argumentation, and one other queer one, bread and cakes; or at least so I suppose, for she told me early in my acquaintance with her that I must, by all means, read "Baker's Principles" and be well up in them. Would that she would stick to that hobby and let me alone, blissful in my ignorance. But no, she involves me in long arguments, makes me do nearly all the arguing, and finally ends by not agreeing with anything I say.

To relieve my mind, I've gone in for dramatics a good deal. I am getting up a play, The Amazons, which is so good that I think I shall invite little Violet to see it. I had almost forgotten to tell you about her. She is the latest arrival, larger and not nearly so meek as Rosie was. Christine A'Soshashun, who always tells the new girls things you know, says she is learning a great deal from Violet. She is a good looking child, however, and when she gets the corners rubbed off, will be all right. I intend to take her under my wing. Everybody says she is a good deal like me, so of course I know that my attention won't be wasted. By the way, I heard the other day that Carrie Nation, and in fact everybody around here, considers me conceited. Carrie relieved her mind by writing out her opinion of me. She called it a LEGENDA and circulated it among the guests here. I cannot understand why they think so. To be sure, I have always gone away ahead of the rest of them in study, in athletics, and in a social way, but I am sure that I have always been modest about it. I think perhaps Carrie was only trying to pay me back, because not long ago, in all innocence, I asked her if she had any relatives in Kansas. I don't see why that should make her angry, but it did.

Yours lovingly, MARGUERITE.

Dear Mama: June 11, 1901.

I have made a great resolve. The English lady and I have had a final split—excuse me, a severing of relations, and I am going to burn everything that ever passed between us in our enforced friendship. To-day she gave me back all that I had ever given her, and to-night I am going out into the woods to burn them; I don't want to do it here, for fear I should make a scene. I must go to look for a spot now; I will tell you about it later.

The next evening. Well, I did as I said. Only I found that Carrie and Rosie and even little Violet had gotten scent of it and that Rosie, at least, was making arrangements to be present. So I hit upon a plan to deceive them. Wrapping myself in the first thing I picked up, which happened to be a sheet, I seized a few pieces of paper, not at all my notes to the English lady, went across the lawn, pretended to burn them, and came back, humming unconcernedly. At first they all fell into my trap, but later I guess they decided that I couldn't have burnt them all so soon, and they began to keep close watch on my movements. I was determined to burn those things before another day broke. And I did it, though I lost my night's sleep and wasted some valuable muscle in suppressing Rosie. I am glad no one was present at that scene in the woods, not even you, mama; I shall never divulge what I permitted myself there to do and say. When I returned home weary and footsore, almost too exhausted to sing my joy, I was still happy, for I had begun the day by severing the last cord of my connection with Mater Alma's English acquaintance.

This was the afternoon of Mater Alma's party for little Violet, and I had to dress up in a white gown, with flowers, and walk about among the guests, while my feet were remembering the work of the morning.

Mater Alma has paid me a great compliment by allowing me to plant some ivy in her wall; it is not everybody, who, she thinks, has sufficient taste to do that. Mater Alma has been very kind to me since I have been here, and if at the close of my visit she will only pat me on the back and tell me that I have done well, as she did Narcissus and Iris, I shall be happy. There is just one drawback. Mater Alma doesn't realize that all of the girls with her now are old enough to have discretion, and should be allowed to regulate their own conduct. We girls have gotten together and talked about it a good deal, and we have finally decided to ask her to allow us to have complete control of our own conduct. You approve, don't you?

I suspect you would approve still more if I should stop writing and go to bed. Good night.

Your loving daughter,

MARGUERITE.

Dear Mother: June 22.

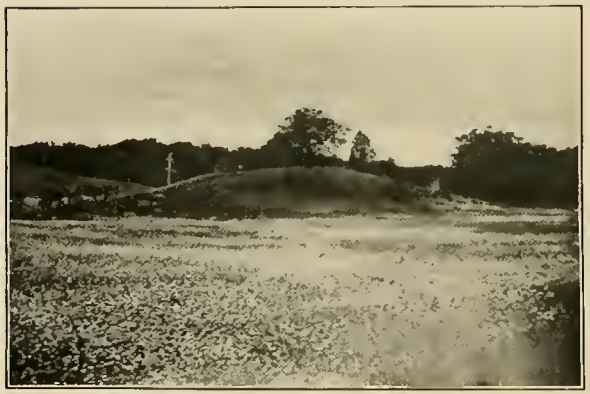
Mater Alma has made me happy by telling me that soon I shall have a pretty parlor all to myself, where no one else can come unless I wish it. Mater Alma is so good to me now, that it makes me almost sad, for I know that it is because I have not much longer to stay.

And as to that other matter, that of doing as we please, Mater Alma has graciously acceded to our wishes. She took me aside, and told me that she hoped that I would make it my business to see that the other girls do as *I* please, and that in particular I am to look out for a new guest that she is soon to have, a young girl named Nyutynefyve. My heart sank when she said that, for I know that there is not room for so many of us, and that when the newcomer is well established, that I must go. I shall be glad to be with you again of course, but oh! I have enjoyed my visit with Mater Alma. One thing I have gained from the visit, which nothing can take away: Mater Alma has made me "strong to live"—witness my silver cup!

Your loving daughter,

MARGUERITE.

A GLIMPSE OF



PICTURESQUE WELLESLEY

On the 5.30 from Boston

Time.—The afternoon of September 17, 1901.

Place.—The Boston train to Wellesley.

Persons.—Miss Eleanor Symonds, 1902.
Miss Helen Whipple, 1903.
Miss Mary Stevenson, 1904.
Miss Margaret Bradford, 1905.

I

Miss Symonds. } Why, Helen!
Miss Whipple. } Why, Eleanor!
Miss W. }
Miss S. } I am *so* glad to see you!

Miss S.—There's a vacant seat we can take. Did you have a good summer? You're as brown as you were at Nahant last Easter. How did you happen to come so early?

Miss W.—Well, you see, I thought the Freshmen needed me. Having been through homesickness and exams myself, I know just how to guide, philosophize, befriend. But what brings you here so early? Are you going to be a mother to all of 1905?

Miss S.—I'm going to be a mother to the poor children you won't know when you're introduced the third time, and that throws half the class on my shoulders. I see you comforting Freshmen, Helen Whipple! You'll go driving, wheeling, trolleying, canoeing, golfing, all day long; but you won't speak to a forlorn, red-eyed Freshman unless it's to ask her for the salt at luncheon. You 1903's wasted all your attentions on 1904, our rightful———

A pig-tailed Freshman.

Miss W.—Prey! We did keep our eye on them Tree Day eve, and on you, too, for that matter. I'll go to the C. A. reception if you'll take me as a pig-tailed Freshman, with the others you'll have in tow. But, seriously, why did you come back so early?

Miss S.—Because I didn't like to lose an hour of my last year. You don't know what it's like to realize that you will only go to one more C. A. reception, and one more Field Day (though they've given up the potato race, my specialty), and one more Junior play (hope yours will be good), and one more Ice Carnival, and Glee Club Concert, and Float, and May Day, and Tree Day, and Commencement things. Think of not going to any more Barnswallows, or barn dances, or spreads, or moonlight rows on the lake, no more singing on the chapel steps. O, it's a very appropriate thing to have the Seniors wear black gowns.

Bottled in your own Class Spirit.---

Miss W.—Such eloquence I never heard. You ought to write Wellesley news for the *New York Journal*. Cheer up, there's a whole long year ahead of you; and as for our Junior play, you seem to think there's only one class in College. I know you are very grand; I've heard of your Field Day cup, and your eight Durant scholars, and your star crew, and your peaceful class meetings, until I wish they were

The potato-race, my specialty

bottled in your own class spirit. You even congratulate Wellesley upon having such a strong class to start student government. Wait until you see our forensic burning—only you won't see it.

Miss S.—I'm afraid we are a little outspoken in our family pride, Nell; but you 1903's are so belligerent. I never knew such a fighting class, unless it was 1904. You were weak enough as Freshmen, too. I do hope, at any rate, you will teach 1905 to keep off the Art Building walk when they are coming from Bible, and not make any of us walk in the road.

The Math teachers are on the outlook for such delinquencies.

Miss W.—We'll tell them the math teachers are on the lookout for such delinquencies. By the way, Eleanor, are forensics very bad? You were all so broken down the morning your third went in that I nearly took debates.

Miss S.—They're not the hobgoblins they're painted. That's another tragic thing, Nell. Think of your education being in one sense ended next June!

Miss W.—I'm glad enough the evil day is two years ahead for me, though I can't say I intend to spend the whole time in the library. That pink-cheeked Freshman with Mary Stevenson over there probably does. How well Mary looks! You are rested, Eleanor. For pity's sake stay off some of your thousand committees and don't get dragged out next June. Remember your family and friends.

Miss S.—The girls who don't do committee work seem just as busy and tired as the others. I'd like to be that Freshman and have my whole course over again, even if I made the same mistakes. Mary is probably telling her how to avoid them. Oh! but she was homesick about a year ago to-day. But tell me about Maine. Did you learn to sail the cat boat alone?

II.

Miss Stevenson. — Then you think I know a great many girls? Perhaps I do. In a month you will have met a hundred, since you are to be at College Hall.

Miss Bradford. — I knew one Wellesley girl; she graduated in '93. She was my Latin teacher and I thought she was lovely. She made me think of coming to Wellesley instead of Smith. Brother wanted me to go to Smith, because he knew some Smith girls.

Miss S.—Never mind, he will be glad you came to Wellesley when he knows more about it. Isn't it queer to think that if we had gone to Smith we should be saying these same things, only the other way? Though I can't believe I could be so anxious to see any other girls as I am to see my friends here. Did you say you had never been to Wellesley?

Miss B.—Yes; but father came once ten years ago, and he said it was a very large school. He was afraid it would be lonely for new pupils.

Miss S.—O everyone is a little homesick at first, but that soon wears off. We'll look out for you. That's one of the nicest things about the Sophomore class—the way it looks out for Freshmen; 1904 will do its part. I only hope you will be as grateful as we were to 1903. If ever you personally need advice about class elections or anything, just come to me. There's a Christian Association reception to your class next Saturday, and Sunday is Flower Sunday, with pretty ceremonies that I won't spoil for you by describing. You must wear a white gown if you have one.

Miss B.—I have a white organdie; it was my graduation dress. Would that do?

Miss S.—Just the thing. And next Tuesday you must be sure to go to Chapel, for the Seniors will wear cap and gown for the first time. Still, of course, you will always go.

Miss B.—Oh! of course; I suppose everyone always goes?

Miss S.—Well, sometimes there are reasons. But the Barnswallows dance I was telling you about comes soon, and the Sophomores give you a grand reception in October, and the Juniors give you a play. They are going to have it before Christmas this year, to make up for the lateness of their reception to us. That's the see saw way they always do things. Field Day is coming along, too, and Hallowe'en. Why, you will be packing your trunk for the Christmas vacation in no time!

Miss B.—It seems very far off now; I wish it didn't seem so far off. Don't Freshmen have to study all the time? Father was afraid I should have to work too hard, but brother said if Wellesley was anything like Smith he guessed we needn't worry.

Miss S.—Of course you will have to work, or why should you come to college? But all the good times seem twice as pleasant because of it, and you needn't worry about math. Hardly any of us flunked, though, of course, 1904 is an especially good class. I'm so glad you enter on certificate.

She doesn't look very old

Miss B.—All my teachers gave me special recommendations, and I have a certificate of health. Shall I show them to my new teachers, or shall I send them to Miss Hazard?

Miss S.—You needn't do either; your work will speak for itself. By the way, do you see that tall girl in a blue shirtwaist? She's a Senior—Eleanor Symonds.

Miss B.—Is *she* a Senior? Oh! I've always longed to see a Senior. She doesn't look very old. Is that another Senior with her? They seem to be having a very good time.

Miss S.—They are. It's *such* fun to get back! No; that's a Junior—Helen Whipple. She's the best dancer in college and she skates beautifully.

Miss B.—I can dance the two-step, but I can't dance the waltz very well. I didn't think they would dance at college. How can they, when there aren't any men?

Miss S.—Dancing without men is one of the least surprising things we do here. But we're almost there! Now remember those bits of advice I gave you, and, above all things, don't confide in anyone but Sophomores. Here we are! Come this way, I'll see you safely to College Hall. Oh, Ruth!

A. S.

The Rime of the Frightened Sophomore

(IN TWO PARTS)

PART I

A scared 1903 meeteth three gallants, bidden to a council meeting and detaineth one.

It is a much scared Sophomore,
  And she stoppeth one of three.
"By thy tear-stained face and blood-shot eye,
  Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The council's doors are opened wide,
  And I must haste therein;
They are all met, and each is set:
  May'st hear them chin and chin."

She holds her with a trembling hand,
  "Where is my spade," quoth she,
"Hold off! unhand me, meddling loon!"
  Eftsoons her hand drops she.

The faculty is spell-bound by the eye of the poor forlorn Miss, and constrained to hear her tale.

She holds her with her blood-shot eye—
  The faculty stands still,
She listens like a three years' child;
  The Sophomore hath her will.

The faculty sits on a stone:
  She cannot go before;
And thus speaks on that frightened Miss,
  That red-eyed Sophomore.

The class had cheered, the campus cleared ;
Merrily did we hop
Upon the grass, upon the hill,
Around a maple top.

The Sophomore tells how the class cheered and the Freshmen appeared.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the lake came he,
And he shone bright, when on our right
The Freshmen did we see.

Nigher and nigher then they came,
'Till o'er us like a pall—
The listening guest here beat her breast,
For she heard the gavel fall.

The President is in her seat,
Tall and stately she ;
Nodding their heads, before her sit
The august faculty.

The detained heareth the call to order, but the Sophomore continueth her tale.

The listening guest she beats her breast,
Yet she cannot go before ;
And thus spake on that frightened Miss,
That red-eyed Sophomore.

And now their forces came, and they
Were tyrannous and strong ;
They struck with their o'ertaking wings,
And chased us all along.

The Sophomores chased by Freshmen.

And now there came sad news to us,
It made us wond'rous cold ;
And 1904 came flaunting by,
As green as emerald.

From out our midst, by some means, fell
Our spade they stolen had ;
Nor if by men nor beasts we ken—
We deem it bold and bad.

The spade stolen, though no living thing was seen.

A guard was here, a guard was there,
A guard was all around;
They hissed and growled and roared and howled
Like voices in a swound.

At length we seek protection here—
Through fog of tears I came;
For Tree Day is quite spoiled, we fear,
Yet we are not to blame.

The Sophomore says she is a good Sophomore.

We ne'er ate food we should not eat,
Nor soiled the Wellesley blue,
Though pestered by this nether class,
Our honor held us true.

And choked by sobs the speaker ceased
Her tears fell dropping down,
Until the earth and grass were wet
As well as was her gown.

Quick then up sat that faculty,
Quick from her stone uprose
And looked about her with a look,
A glance that fairly froze.

The champion of 1903 swears allegiance.

"We'll save thee, poor scared 1903!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?—By my right hand
I can allay this fuss."

PART II

The sun was now aloft, on high,
Right overhead stood he,
From near and far, and all around
There gathered 1903.

With throats afire, and lips apart,
Nor was there laugh nor wail,
Through grave command, all dumb afraid!
They bit their lips, they sucked the blood,
And sighed: "The spade, the spade."

With throats afire, with lips apart,
The Juniors crowd the hall,
Gramercy! They for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in
As they were drinking all.

The Sophomore getteth her lost spade again.

And the good Freshman came tripping down,
The spade held in her hand,
And gave it to the Sophomore
In silence, grim and grand.

The tale is here suppressed.

* * * * * * *

That Sophomore whose eye was red,
Whose tears in torrents fell,
Is now a Junior, and as such
Should never sigh nor yell.

It is hoped that 1903 will prove to be self-supporting.

But like to one that hath been stunned
And is of sense forlorn,
A sadder and a wiser Miss
Rise on the morrow morn.

EDITORIAL PAGE

Editorial Board for 1902

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Editorials

The editors have enjoyed an autumn full of such discontent as is supposed to be ennobling. The cause of our discontent will be easily understood when we call attention to the lofty ideals we have had in view: first, the preparation of a LEGENDA which should be worthy of Wellesley College, of 1902, and of the long line of ancestral LEGENDAS; and secondly, a faithful though humble copy of a renowned periodical.

In casting about for a suitable form in which to put the LEGENDA, the editors were guided by a desire to secure something popular. Our esteemed model has the widest circulation of any periodical published. In one of its recent editorials it condemned eastern women's colleges as "intensely scholastic." That fault we trust we have avoided by copying as closely as our ability would admit the general healthy and harmless tone of our model.

As for the Grinds

It is well known by the editors that "grinds" are often the cause of much criticism on the part of the readers of this periodical. A "grind" runs the narrow straits between the Scylla of "flatness" and the Charybdis of "ill-nature." If its course is not always successful, the present patrons of the LEGENDA will, we feel sure, be slow to criticise. They will remember that, as a general rule, the spirit of malice was farthest from the minds of the writers. In fact, many of the writers of these jokes or grinds are numbered among the warmest admirers of the "joked" or "ground." To quote our esteemed model, "The editor loves a joke and puts spice into a life full of hard work by its employment."

Whatever may be said of a LEGENDA Actual, a LEGENDA Cogitated is a delightful thing. A LEGENDA Actual, as everyone but its editors realizes, is a book which you "pick up," "run through" and "toss one side." From another point of view a LEGENDA Actual means dashing, brilliant witticism off the end of your pen; it means reading the same witticisms in a day or two and weeping at the evanescence of their brilliancy. It means begging other people to dash

off brilliant witticism. It means heroic efforts to collect all the witticism on a certain date, and dash them off to the printer. Finally, it means the arrival of a printed LEGENDA, actual indeed, actual to the point of pathos; for now there are pages and pages full of those same tender witticisms with the dash quite crushed out of them, and nothing left but a certain dryness and fragility, characteristic of dried flowers, and relieved only by an occasional breath of the freshness at which upper classmen should shudder. Such is a LEGENDA Actual. But a LEGENDA Cogitated, as we started out by saying, is quite another thing. A LEGENDA Cogitated may be anything. If it is not something exquisitely pointed and deliciously funny it is merely because, among all the delightful forms which it may take, it hesitates to choose. The members of "The Board" like to talk about this LEGENDA. They sit for long hours behind a door labelled "busy," and laugh at the jokes in which the book abounds. They read old LEGENDAS They feel themselves one of a noble line as they look at the pictures of all the editorial boards who have cogitated, written and suffered in behalf of LEGENDAS. LEGENDA Cogitated becomes more and more absorbing. It surrounds itself with the hazy atmosphere of the past. It takes on all the charms and none of the defects of its predecessors.

But there comes an end to the pleasant days spent with LEGENDA Cogitated. The editors take up their pens. They mean well. They are merely urging LEGENDA Cogitated to take form. But that is what LEGENDA Cogitated does not like to take. Pens and ink, if the editors did but know it, are LEGENDA Cogitated's most deadly foes. Before the board realizes its mistake, its helpful companion, its one encouragement, LEGENDA Cogitated, has gone and LEGENDA Actual has come to take its place.

Tupelo

(With Apologies to R. K.)

By the side of dear Lake Waban, 'neath the shade of a big tree,
There's a Wellesley girl a-sittin', and I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the pine trees, and the breezes whisper low:
"Come you back, you Harvard student; come you back to Tupelo!"

Come you back to Tupelo,
Where you ever love to go;
Can't you 'ear the echoes sounding from the lake to Tupelo?
On the path to Tupelo,
Where green painted benches grow,
An' the moon comes up to smile on those who wander to and fro.

'Er 'air was golden yaller an' 'er suit it was dark green,
An' 'er name I will not mention—she was pretty tho', I ween,
An' I seed her first agazin' at a whackin' big brown book
An' a studyin' like a trooper in a pretty shady nook.

Bloomin' lesson—raised her wrath,
What the students they call "math,"—
Plucky lot she cared for lessons, when I wandered down the path!
On the path to Tupelo,
Where green painted benches grow, etc.

I am sick o' wastin' letters on the Vassar girls so fair,
An' for Radcliffe girls, tho' charming, I do no longer care,
Tho' I've walked with fifty Smith girls, there is none so dear to me
As the girl I left behind me—back in dear old Wellesley.

Others may be as fair as she—
But they're not the girls for me—
She's the sweetest, dearest maiden that I ever hope to see.
On the path to Tupelo,
Where green painted benches grow, etc.

Ship me somewhere down in Wellesley where the girls are of the best,
Where a man can see his own girl, needn't bother 'bout the rest,
For the breezes are a whisperin', and it's there that I would go—
By the side of dear Lake Waban on the path to Tupelo.

On the path to Tupelo,
Where I always love to go,
With the girl I love beside me on the path to Tupelo!
On the path to Tupelo,
Where green painted benches grow,
An' the moon comes up to smile on those who wander to and fro.

How the Constitution was Adopted

(By an Eye Witness)

"The last of our series of articles on the six great events of the modern world"

The Eye Witness's Pen Trembles

As I sit by my study fire thinking over the great times in which I have lived, the great and epoch making event of which it has been my pleasure to be an eager, though a humble witness, something of the fire of youth comes back to me, my blood throbs tumultuously in my temples, I feel again the high ideals of student days—and my pen trembles. Those were stirring times; great questions were raised and settled; great figures stood out in the foreground of our body politic. The foundations of a great institution were being laid, an institution which I do not need to name, so familiar has it now become to every one who shall skim this page.

The Audience Falls off its Seat in its Excitement

The 4.05 bell had rung. Throngs of eager-faced women pushed hurriedly down the long corridor of College Hall. On every brow sat indomitable perseverance, in every eye gleamed the courage and hope which only noble purpose can give. As the seats of the chapel filled rapidly, the most casual observer might have noticed that the audience strained forward eagerly to catch every word from the presiding officer, as she introduced the weighty business of the afternoon. Feeling that no time should be wasted in idle preliminaries, she plunged into the midst of one of the vital questions of student Government.

Norfolk Coats

My endeavor to make you feel the tremendous solemnity of the occasion is best accomplished when I tell you the question under consideration. For even now, no one can hear without

a thrill the question: "How shall we entertain our guests and what requirements shall we make of them?" The article read:

"Guests entertained in the morning should leave before 9.45."

There was deep silence while she added, "It has been suggested that we add to this 'Gentleman guests should always wear Norfolk coats, as they are so universally becoming.' What is the pleasure of the Association?" The whole audience seemed fairly to sway back and forth in its excitement. For one briet moment no sound was heard, save excited gasps as various members tried to give voice to their sentiments. Half the Student Body was soon on its feet, and it was only by the exertion of what seemed superhuman muscularity that the chairman succeeded in bringing the meeting to order. "Miss S. has the floor," she announced, in a voice the calm tones of which even now excite my wonder, as they echo after all these months in my ears. In spite of her excitement Miss S. succeeded in giving voice, in her usual fresh and childlike tones, to the following excellent advice:

"The college authorities and we students ourselves (applause) have done much towards beautifying our college. Why should not our guests assist? (Cries of 'Hear! Hear!') Is it right that our College Beautiful should be haunted, even before 9.45 A. M., by ill-dressed man?" (Loud cries of "No! No!" from the Seniors who in correct and artistic Oxford caps and gowns occupied prominent places in the front of the room.)

As Miss S. sat down a Freshman rose. Her voice was calm and brave and well might it be brave, for she was to champion a cause already lost. "I was thinking," she began, in a clear high treble, "that, in this way we should lose many visitors. So many of our gentleman visitors are brothers and cousins, and we all know that they will not brook too — much — restraint. I would suggest — — some — — comprom — — —"

Her voice was drowned in a deluge of groans and hisses. The article was amended to meet Miss S.'s approval. Article and amendment went through on one tremendous wave of enthusiasm.

The Audience Refreshes Itself

After this exhausting burst of energy, the chairman turned the attention of the meeting to several unimportant articles. She thought it best, I suppose, to divert our attention for some time to serious matters. With this design, she suggested that we vote on the matter of "quiet in the College houses from 5 to 6 P. M. and from 3 to 4 A. M.; registering for walks to the village, Pegan Hill, Butler's Gardens or any other place within five miles of College Hall; sending telegrams if detained at any place within five miles of a telegraph office; and some other minor points relating to legislation and organization."

Great Words on Chaperonages

After quiet had been restored by this wise device of the president, we proceeded to what we all felt would be the great question of the day. The article to be discussed read:

"Students should not travel in the evening nor attend college athletics or public evening entertainments without a chaperone."

An audacious Freshman, little realizing the gravity of the situation, moved, in a flippant manner, that the article be adopted. I remember the hushed and awed surprise with which the whole audience greeted this most superficial manner of treating the subject. Scarcely had the immense Student Body caught its breath when another Freshman seconded the motion. Then indeed it seemed that a good cause might be lost. Whence was to come the champion of the other side? After a moment of suspense, enthusiastic cheers greeted the cheerful face of L–c–l– Gr– –n. "Individually," she began, "I do not think we need chaperones, collectively I suppose we do." Every one recognized that the great word had been said. It only remained to amend the article in accordance with this great, this far-seeing statement. If I remember rightly the article as amended, read as follows:

Article: "Students shall not travel in the evening nor attend college athletics or public evening entertainments without a chaperone."

Amendment: "Miss Gr– –n shall be appointed chaperone *ad collector*. A committee of five, of which Miss Gr– n shall be chairman, shall determine her duties."

Cheers greeted the amendment as read and the meeting broke up in joyous excitement.

The Eye Witness Remembers the Strained Face of the Student Body

I remember with what anxiety I watched the strained and weary faces of the Student Body on the next day. My mind misgave me. The 4.05 bell showed my fears only too correct. No one answered the summons and at 4.15, when the meeting was called to order, only a scanty fifteen were present. The president sent these students out in different directions to gather in others. They did not have far to go. In almost every room in College Hall were two or three students. But no amount of cajolling or remonstrance could draw them out. "We have the matter so deeply at heart," said they, with tears in their eyes, "that we cannot bear to go. How, how can we endure the Sickening Suspense, the Crashing Excitement of another mass meeting?" Nevertheless pale and heroic visages appeared gradually in the chapel, until at last a quorum was present.

Important Question Laid on the Table, Minor Matter Discussed

Sad it was to observe the weary manner in which they proceeded to business at this time. How different from yesterday's enthusiasm! The question was that enormous one of wearing golf capes to chapel. It was finally laid on the table, as no one felt able to discuss it in a suitably profound manner. A question of minor importance was raised, the question whether Freshmen should be represented in the Association. Freshmen of strong minds and plain faces advocated the negative. "In the first year," they urged, "the proper Freshmen never come to the front. Too often," and their eyes moistened as they said it, "the conventionally pretty girl, the girl perhaps with many clothes, takes a prominent place. Such a Freshman would not be suitable for a representative of the Freshmen class."

The Eye Witness's Desire to Inspire Patriotism

But why should I weary the reader of this publication with such trivial matters? You already know the issue of the most important question. My aim has been simply to improve upon what is in some sense a new generation, the spirit in which the constitution was adopted. It is fitting that we, who rest comfortably on the results of that hard fought battle, should know a little of the cost of this government under which we live.

Miss de Westwood's Letter from Natick

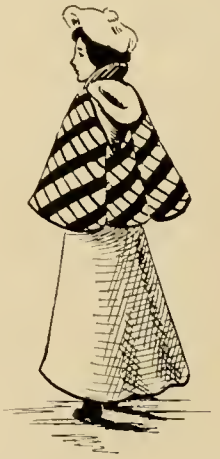
Dearest Lily:

I spent a charming day at the pretty Female Seminary for Select Young Ladies, which is situated in the pleasant suburbs of Natick. The young girls were very agreeable to meet and helped me to carry away many delightful memories of that interesting visit. You are thinking, I know, of sending little sister Arabella to some good finishing school and I should recommend Wellesley as exactly suiting your purposes. You will want to know, of course, what gowns and little accessories of dress she will need to take with her.

First, and most important for a Freshman, as the youngest girls are wittily termed, is a long black gown and square-brimmed cap. It is very charming to see the fresh, young faces and smooth braids set off by the sombre black, which lends an unwonted dignity to their tender years—a dignity strangely resented by some of the older girls of the school. This black gown will be found very useful in many ways: as a rainy-day cloak, a dressing-sack, a bath robe or a convenient covering for a slightly soiled shirt-waist. It should never, of course, be worn to chapel or to class room, being especially designed for home and street wear. It is made full and flowing of some graceful clinging black material, gathered in full plaits to a yoke squared in front and open to reveal a dainty tie, pointed in the back and ornamented with a twisted cord and a button.

The long black gown

A useful garment, much in vogue at present, is a brilliant plaid golf-cape, suitable for the opera, symphony, church or class-room wear.



A useful garment

One trim calling costume caught my eye especially. I noticed it effectively carried out in many shades, blue, red—a great favorite—pink, gray and so on, and

A trim calling costume

universally worn. It has a tailor-made effect, fitting neatly without folds or wrinkles to the form. Large decorative buttons trim the Russian blouse front and a heavy cord with tassels gives the finishing touch. An effective little garden-frock may be made of white gauzy materials. Pink and red roses are thrown in graceful wreaths about the neck and over the loosely looped hair, and long green streamers form girdle and shoulder straps.

An effective garden-frock

Surely, it must be an obdurate specimen of vegetation that could resist this bewitching little creation! I have left the dainty white and yellow toilette till the last, as a fitting climax. Of course it would be rather elaborate for such a young person as Arabella and in any case is rather extreme. Indeed, I have heard that the Lady Principal of the school considers it so "ultra" that she has appointed one of the most reliable of the teachers to see that it is never allowed to pass the limit.

Dainty, but rather extreme

Well, my dear, I wish you all success in your preparation of Arabella's wardrobe and a delightful trip through Newton and its suburbs.

Yours as ever,

SILVIA DE WESTWOOD.

Hints for Debaters

IT HAS long been undisputed that skill in debating is difficult to acquire; but recent experience has proved this hypothesis untrue. It is, on the contrary, very easy. The simple principles which must be mastered have long been guarded by a jealous few. They are now to be made public. First of all, young debater, you must be skilled in the use of transitions. Make yourself familiar with a few "standards." With an "and, now" and a "then, too" ready on your tongue, you need never fear. "Then, too"—"and, now"—"then, too." What could be simpler or more logical? With just the proper rise of the voice and emphasis upon the "to–o" you can wait at least two minutes, while the audience is wrapped in wonder at the beauty and subtlety of the transition.

One must, too, be familiar with the use of "gentlemen," or some word, by which to address the audience. At first use this word sparingly, not oftener than every third sentence. The rate may be increased gradually. It is safe to call the audience by name four times in the closing sentence. This is generally known as persuasion.

In the next place, young debater, have your evidence close at hand, upon slips of paper. Then you can sit down and sort the slips over during your speech. If there is no chair near, there will probably be a platform.[1] Introduce your authorities courteously. "A well-known writer in one of our most widely read periodicals" is an example of the approved method. Self evident facts need no evidence. If the case in hand were on an elevator upheld by "superhuman power," it would be perfectly clear to the audience that this superhuman power might be expected to give way at any time,[2] and of course all would agree that Bryan should never hold a prayer-meeting. "*That* would be disgraceful."[3] But chief in importance, my young friends, is your manner. Do not fix your gaze on the audience; your hearers will get uneasy and embarrassed. There will probably be a window near, out of which you can gaze conveniently;[4] or, if you have just opened your speech with a striking sentence, it will be a pleasant diversion to look down at your notes. The audience will have time to digest your last thought and take breath before the next one.[5] Indulge in a few gestures at the most effective places,[6] and if you wish

[1] Bl–nc–e B–rch. [2] Fl–r–nc– Ev–ns. [3] M–b–l M–tc–lf. [4] Ed–th B–hrh–rst. [5] L–––s– Pr––ty. [6] Fr–nk–– S–ll–v–n.

to be particularly pleasing in manner of delivery, stand on one foot as much as possible. Speak until you make your point, and no longer. In order to know whether you have made your point, before you can take your seat and ask some one, it would be well to have a pre-arranged system of signals.[7]

Be prepared for sudden emergencies. If you are chairman, and find, just as the debate is well under way, that you have forgotten your watch, send a message on your fingers to some one in the audience. If no one will understand you, you should, five minutes before the debate, arrange a plan of communication.

Be as calm and reposed in manner as if you were drinking a cool soda.[9] "Be deep and philosophical in argument [10] (no matter how deep). Hit your point on the head at once [11] and have sufficient material to 'go on forever.'"[12] It is a great mistake to say that debating is difficult. Complete knowledge of these principles, acquired through practice two hours a week for a year, is all that is necessary.

[7] Ph--b- B-g-rt. [8] H-l-n H-rr-ngt-n. [9] Agn-s Br-wn. [10] M-b-l H-d-. [11] Cl-r- W-ll-w-r. [12] B-rth- W--ds.

If "cuts" came every other day
And "mid-years" never at all,
And we had a holiday twice a month,
And but one oral "quiz" in the fall;

If honors were apples upon a tree,
With credits for every one,
And there never was such a word as "flunk,"
Wouldn't College be fun?

Jo Vale, Forenses

The shades of night were falling fast,
When through the silent village passed
A line robed all in sheets, pure white,
Long tallow candles gave them light.
The Juniors.

Their brows concealed ; a pillow case
Quite hid the contour of each face,
And with a moan that line sung
In accents of a long dead tongue.
A dirge? Yes!

To College Hall themselves they take,
Young 1903 close in the wake.
They pace "The Centre"—not alone,
And from their lips escapes a groan.
"Forenses!"

"Try not that dodge," somebody said.
Dark lowered the soph'mores overhead.
"Your spotless robes no fray betide,"
But loud those tones sepulchral sighed.
"O Mores!"

"Oh! say," called 1901, "the rest
If you are numbered with the blest."
A smile shone from each bright blue eye,
But still they answered with a sigh,
"Diximus"

"Oh! blesséd are we in our peace!
Nunc sicque semper forenses."
This was the Juniors last good-night,
A voice replied far up the height,
"You've fooled us!"

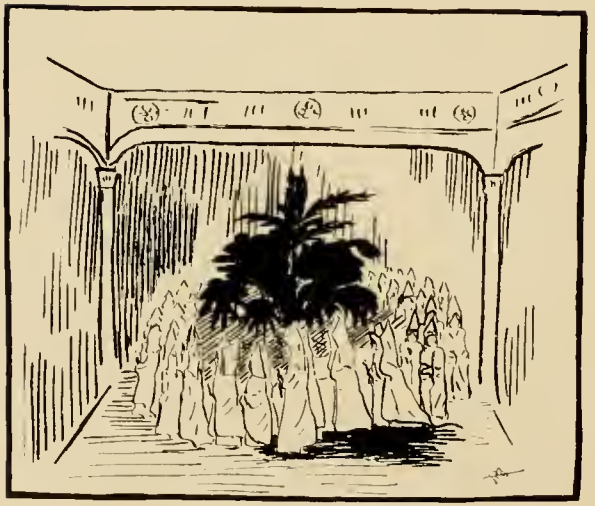
At break of day, as heavenward
The Sophomore in dream was lured,
The gong aroused each sleeper fair
Who wakened with a muttered swear,
O Horrors!

A throng, in sheets much tattered, gowned
Quite filled "The Centre," marching 'round
Still grasping in their hands the light,
That lent a weirdness to the sight.
Those candles.

There in the morning damp and gray,
In fervent tones they sang the lay:
And to the Soph'mores consternation
The dirge fell like an incantation
As follows:

"Rectius vives, 1902, neque 'Credit'
Semper urgendo, neque dum forenses
Scripta horrescis, nimium timendo
Flunking iniquum.

"Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Obtinet, tuta caret malis
Special exams, caret invidendis
Honoribus too."



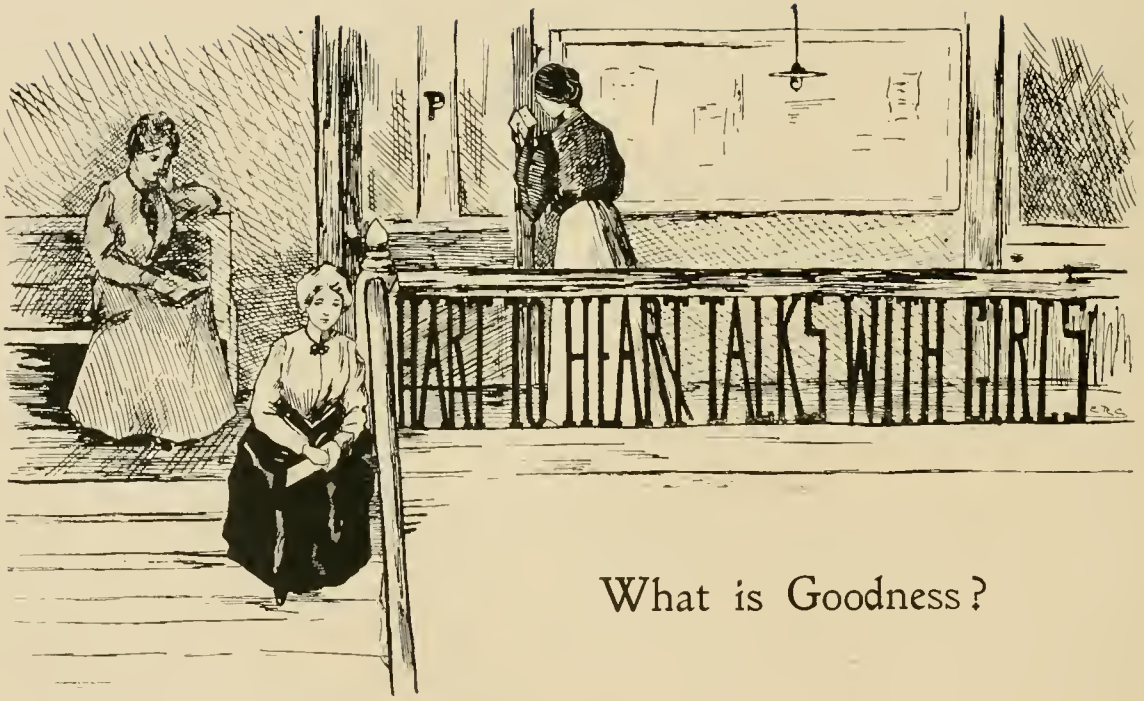
A Student in English

Afar, away in banana land,
Where the trees are palms and the grass is sand ;
Where summer zephyrs forever blow
There is the home of the Filipino.

In color he is black and tan,
He wears a smile and carries a fan ;
But, from the savage so removed,
His intellect he wants improved.

None but a college graduate
He thinks, his skull can penetrate—
So o'er the seas there comes the cry :
" Come over here to me, and fry."

In Wellesley land the hills repeat,
" And fry." Oh, echo sweet !
'Tis just the place for which we wish
To " fry "—one needs a chafing dish.



What is Goodness?

A maiden of modest demean,
With record remarkably clean,
And never a fall, to vary it all,
So unerringly good has she been.

C. E. H–BBS.

One time a young lady averred
That no chaperon, she preferred.
Far out in the west, she declared with much zest,
The name very seldom was heard.

J. F. H–TS–NP–LL–R.

A young lady once lived at Wood,
Who always did just as she should.
She smiled as she passed, and never talked fast,
What more must one do to be good?

E. R. B–HRH––ST.

Delay Not

"A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eyes and said:
'Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head!'"

E. L. S–NB–RN.

There was a young lady—they say
Whose habit it was to delay.
She sat up at night, and seemed to delight
That her themes were all due the next day.

F. L. GR–G–RY.

There was a young lady, who thought
She might want a change, like as not.
She straightway applied—nor was she denied
But given the change on the spot.

A. S. C–RL–SL–.

Have Confidence

There was a young genius, who knew
How much and what she could do.
She was never afraid her card to parade,
For she knew she was sure to get through.

B. W. M–NW–R–NG.

By many a sigh and a groan
A certain young lady was known.
"The things she must do," she recounted to you
In a way that extracted your moan.

L. B. M– –DY.

Is it nice to be in the choir
And wear a surplice attire,
And march up the aisle, with an angelic smile
That scintillates like a live wire?

L. L. L–BBY.

Success Assured

A versatile lady is she
With talents at least number three.
She writes with a pen, paints pictures, and then
Does math, if she's idle and free.

E. R. C–M–B–LL.

Her initials spell B-E-D—bed,
But do not by this be misled.
With notebook and pen, she sits up after ten,
Since magazines have to be fed.

B. E. D–V–S.

Another young lady of fame—
No need to mention her name—
She writes and debates—yea, even translates:
"Durant's," I guess, all do the same.

H. H–RR–NGT–N.

If Deserved

Have you heard of that strange thing, the shark?
Its intellect shines, after dark.
The species is rare—and not found everywhere.
There was one, I believe, in "The Ark."

A. F. B–BC–CK.

There was a young lady named H–de.
Whose genius could not be denied.
Whenever she sat, no matter where at,
A story she wrote, if she tried.

M. H. H–DE.

There was a young lady so small
That she was never called tall.
But tho' so compact—she remembered each fact
And never once blundered at all.

F. E. S–LL–V–N.

TAKE ENGLISH SIX FOR THAT TIRED FEELING

A Lament

Good people all, with one accord,
  Lament those bygone days
When "credit" was a matchless word,
  A mark of highest praise.

There in a galaxy of lights,
  With "grinds" and "digs," we shone,
And each might scale the highest heights
  And never feel alone.

But now—a few are honored much
  And we are left behind,
We know we cannot equal such
  No matter how we grind.

Now is it not a trifle sad
  That they, of numbers few,
Should gallivant and be so glad
  While we are tired and blue?

Although of intellects so light,
  We have the sense to see
That had we all worked day and night
  "Durants" some, now, *might* be.

So—our lament is for the past,
  And for ourselves we sigh.
No one could weather such a blast
  Without a dampened eye.

"WHAT shall we have for food in our college dormitories?" is always a serious problem. The solution of it lies, as we believe, in adapting the different kinds of food to the different and most critical periods of the college year. If that principle be kept in mind, we feel sure the following menus will be found both suggestive and attractive:

Menu No. I

COLD ROAST GOOSE

GREENS EDUCATORS

COLD WATER

The table should be draped in dull gray. Souvenir cards at each place should bear these words: "There is no place like H O M E." The aim should be to have everything as cheerful and sympathetic as possible. Sprays of weeping willow at each place are desirable but not necessary; there will probably be some substitute. This menu must be put in use at the opening of the college year; the first night if possible.

The second critical period of the college year comes in February, owing doubtless to the cold weather. Menus need the greatest care. We have known great harm to have been done by a too frequent use of *scrambled* eggs and *jumbles*. Owl, baked and stuffed, should be served frequently; it may occasionally be varied by tongue, but the stuffing must not be omitted.

Menu No. II

SOUPS

Tomato Bisque Vermicelli

FISH

Baked Halibut Boiled Blue Fish Fried Salmon

MEATS

Roast Lamb, Veal and Beef

Potato, Mashed and Plain

Chicken Croquettes Banana Fritters

Lettuce Cucumbers Corn Pease Beans

Apple, Lemon and Cream Pie Chocolate Pudding

Vanilla and Peach Ice Cream Lemon and Pineapple Sherbet

Tea Cocoa Coffee

The lights in the dining room should be covered by rose-colored shades; an orchestra should be engaged to play, "College days are from care and sorrow free;" and suspended from the center of the room should be this motto, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

The following menu is adapted to some evening in the second week of June, directly preceding or following Tree Day, which depends upon variable circumstauces. The menu is an individual one, to be multiplied by all the juniors, about three-fourths of the sophomores, and one-half of the freshmen in college.

Menu No. III

One Cup of Strong, Black Coffee

Another Cup of Strong, Black Coffee

A Third Cup of the ——— ——— Strongest, Blackest Coffee Possible

Upon the morning of Tree Day, the students should be urged to take some gentle outdoor exercise. During their absence the dining room may be decorated for breakfast. We have seen beautiful effects in pink and red, with pink and red roses in profusion.

Side Talks With Girls

H–L–N B––RD: Being domestic, you doubtless know the effect of yeast cakes upon bread. They are said to have the same effect upon people. Why not try them?

L–T–– B–YNT–N: Never play the piano without being urged; never play without being urged for at least half an hour; never play at all. If you follow these three rules you will have no trouble.

N–NA BR–DG–: I doubt if there is any way by which a young lady of your age can increase her height. I should advise her to carry herself very erectly and to cultivate the art of dressing, so as apparently to increase her stature.

M–RY BR––KS: Write your surname and christian name as one, or connect with a hyphen. It will serve as a gentle reminder.

Young ladies should not be too courageous. Grasp the June bug by the legs, holding firmly betwen the thumb and forefinger. Mice may be treated in the same manner.

FL–R–NC– B–NT–NG: If, as you say, a hatchet is required to break up your fudge, there is something wrong in the cooking. Try another recipe.

J–N– B–TT–N: A low voice is truly "an excellent thing in woman," but remember that while you are in college you are still a girl.

ÉLL–N C––GHL–N: Never forget the advice your father has given you. Oral repetition helps the memory.

L–CY C–TL–R: If your physician advises against extra studies, heed her; pay no attention to how well you feel or how much you weigh.

BL–NCH– D–RF––: As a rule, girls not yet out of school are not supposed to have gentlemen callers; but as you say it is commonly done at your school, I see no impropriety in your occasionally allowing the young man to call.

M--D FL-M-NG: I never knew, before, of a complimentary shade to gray. I suppose it must be very bright.

M-RY H-LL: Purchase a copy of C. D. Gibson's picture, "In the Days to Come the Churches may be Fuller." It would encourage you, I am sure.

M-B-L H YD-N: Fluffiness is quite the thing this season.

D-R- H-YW--D: Biology specimens make delightful ornaments for the hair or dress. Have your shoes made with soles six inches thick. Of course they will add to your height, but they are very stylish.

L-ND- H R-S: "Beauty sleep" is the sleep that one gets before midnight.

FR-NC-S H-GH-S: You must be very busy this year with so large an orphan asylum to take care of. Remember the old adage, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Thank you for your kind words. You always say just what I want to hear.

B-SS-- H-NT: Try to sacrifice your own pleasure and make several visits home during the year. It may be hard for you to go, but your family will appreciate the self-sacrifice.

C-R-L- K-MP M-N-: You say you are too sedate and not sufficiently vivacious. In your case I should advise a reversal of the old maxim, "Think twice before you speak."

S-R-H W. K-LLY: We can not answer so many questions in one issue. Consult dressmaking column for hints as to neckwear; our series of articles on "What to do at every turn" for questions of dress and deportment at church and social functions.

-L-Z-B-TH M. K-TTR-DG-: For the development of your conscience, take a course in ethics. You need to cultivate a "spirit of self-sacrifice."

FR-NC-S KN-PP: Purchase a Young Ladies' Polite Letter Writer for use in extensive correspondence. Say ha! ha! ha! twenty times without stopping. Repeat twenty-five times each day. In one month the result will be a ripple of silvery laughter.

GR-C- L-SCH: Watch our culinary department from month to month. There are often directions for making new kinds of confections. Fudge, as you say, is always "in good taste."

S-- MCGR-W: If, as you say, "it sometimes happens that you go to a football game with your brother," you should always label him.

-R-N M-S-N: Your name, as you will find, by consulting any standard dictionary, means "peaceful." A reposeful manner is, then, quite suitable. Do not attempt to change it.

CL--R- M-RR-S-N: "Little, but oh, my!" is not a classical quotation, but I think that the persons who apply it to you mean no offense.

GR-C- N WH-RT: I am glad that one of my girls realizes that pretty clothes need not interfere with the serious things of life. Indeed, as you say, it is sometimes the serious things of life which interfere with the pretty clothes.

S-R-H N-BL-: The proper carriage of the head will give an appearance of haughtiness. Practice in your own room by fixing your eyes upon the ceiling.

FL-R-NC- OSB-RN: A list of neckwear for the coming season will be published in our next issue. Furs should be worn not later than July fourth.

B-RTH- P-RK-NS: High heeled shoes, powdered hair or wig, spectacles, and a black velvet gown with a train, will give the appearance of age and dignity. If you room with a Freshman or Sophomore, this is very essential.

N-NCY PH-LBR-CK: A wife should come to her husband's shoulder. Were you seeking proper requirements for your own husband, or what? We did not understand your question.

W-N-FR-D P-TK-N: You will probably find no difficulty in obtaining a position at the "Zoo." You have had excellent experience.

L---SE PR--TY: Your cards should read: L. Pr--ty, Attorney at Law.

ETH-L P-TN-Y: You fail not so much in diligent application to your studies as in proper attention in the class room, especially in lecture courses. At least always *try* to appear interested.

M-RY R--RD-N: Rings may be worn on any finger but the thumb, and not more than fifteen pins at a time. There are no other limitations.

H-RR--T S-RG-NT: Yes, diamonds are still the most popular stones for the purpose you mention.

LYD-- SM-DL-Y: Nervousness results in crabbedness. Go to bed at seven; rise at five; make your diet Mellin's Food, and you will be rewarded by a beautiful complexion and a cheery smile, which will delight your friends.

IN-Z S--THW-RTH: You are too easily repressed. Try to smile occasionally and to laugh at least once a day. At first you will find it difficult.

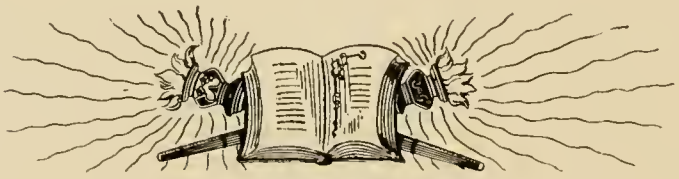
M-B-L ST-RG-S: Wear a veil whenever you appear in public, especially at *prayer meeting*. Then no one's attention will be distracted.

Al-c- Th-v-r: When you get to be as old as I am, you will know that this world is not such a bad place to live in after all.

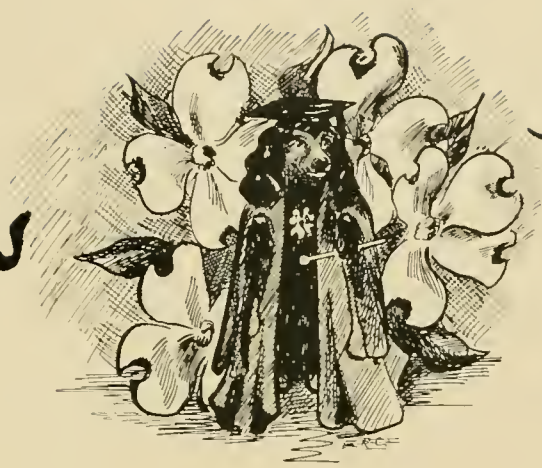
R-th Th-m-s: I can think of no better companionship for a young girl than that of ministers of the Gospel.

A-g-st W-ld-rm-n: We would suggest for your costume a pair of thick brown gloves, a thick brown veil, a brown hat, a long brown cloak reaching to the ground and fastened closely by elastic at the neck and sleeves. This costume can be worn with equal comfort summer or winter, outdoors or in the house. It will be an efficient protection against dust, and a harmony of subdued color.

B-rth- W--ds: "Where there is a will there is a way." You should never be at a loss for ways.



Tar Baby



They met at the foot of the Simpson Hill
A new formed society
To discourage the Practice of Petting Young Dogs,
For 'twas clear 'twas an injury.

They had met to choose them a president,
And since there were only four,
They decided that each should speak for himself,
And they gave "Sheb" first the floor.

"I'm a very great favorite," said he,
Here Tar-baby's face grew dark,
"And then I'm the oldest inhabitant,"
The big dog broke in with a bark.

"The oldest," he said. "I claim that prestige,
I was first to object and say,
I wouldn't be patted, I'm in perfect condition
And exercise every day."

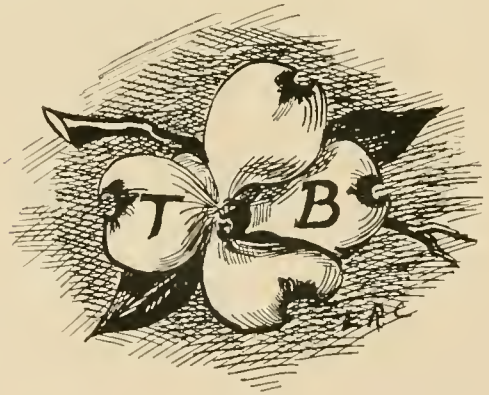
"*You* objected," laughed Psyche. "'Twas *I*
Said I wouldn't be patted. Did You?
But enough! For I think our president
Should have prestige and learning, too."

Then he took off a basket, hung from his neck,
And held it out on one paw,
"Pray smell of each one and tell me," he said,
"The fraction of Weber's law."

Each dog took a sniff and hung his head,
For they knew their doom was met.
"In Lab. work," began Sheb, then suddenly stopped,
"Why we haven't heard Tar-baby yet!"

There was silence profound as Tar-baby rose,
He spoke to the point and quick,
"I make but one claim to wisdom," said he,
"I have eaten a (whole) forensic."

They parted that eve at the foot of the hill
And ere to their homes they went,
They gave three barks with a right good will,
For Tar-baby, their president.



Literary Queries

M-RY G-RD-N: You are very *deep* in philosophical argument. Your treatise upon "Not Worrying" will be very valuable.

J-SSIC- H-SK-LL: Write to the General Superintendent that you wish to charter a special car to bring books from Boston daily. Hire a dozen or more houses to store them. You can probably get vacant ones at a bargain.

H-L-N H-LL: Why not publish a book entitled: "The Shortest Route to Dedham by Cars." We would advise you strongly to have a *few* good books in your room. Six would not be too many.

R-S-L--D L--: The best book for your purpose is "Power Through Repose." A careful study of the principles given in this book will assist you greatly in a short time.

H-L-N L-ST-R: You will find the information you desire in the "Lives of the Princesses" by Miss Simplicity.

Ohio is the "Buckeye" state.

L-L- M-CA-SL-ND: A good name for your book would be: "Helps for Homesick Freshmen." We predict a great success. It shows insight and *experience*.

CH-RL-TT- M-RST-N: We know of no special treatise on the nature of Marshes. We think there is an opportunity for individual investigation.

M-RY M-XW-LL: 1. William Knox wrote: "Oh! Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" It is a rhetorical question, and implies, as you say, a negative answer.

2. We have not yet been able to find a book on what one may do Sundays.

ANN- M-LL-R: The best authority known to us in regard to the age of Solomon is Dr. Kent's "History of the Hebrew People." We would suggest that the age might vary at different times during life.

FL-R-NCE P-TR- -: "When the Day Goes" was published anonymously in June. The edition de luxe is in "soft" green binding. A sequel appeared in September.

Talkanometers are not yet on sale. We know nothing of their probable appearance.

FL-R-NC- R-CH: The book "How to Get Rich" would be an acceptable present for any of your gentleman friends.

ANN- S-VD-R: The book to which you refer is "We Two," by Edna Lyall.

ED-TH T-RN-R: "A man may smile and smile and be a villain" is a quotation from Shakespeare's *Othello*. Do not let this epigram trouble you. The photograph of yourself, which you enclose, shows that no trace of anything villainous can lurk behind such a fair and open countenance.

September's skies are fair and bright,
But strange to say it pours,
For the drops that fall from Freshmen eyes
Make raging floods, indoors.

Great Sayings About Famous People

"With just enough of learning to misquote"

A-Y AD-M-: "She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind."
M-UD- E. AN-B-: "I am wrapped in dismal thinking."
CL-R- B-K-R: "Doubt whom you will, but never yourself."
M-GN-N B-K-R: "She needs no painted halo who has one by nature's gift."
CL-R- B-RN S: "Little things console us, because little things afflict us."
BL-NCH- B-RCH: "There is nothing so minute, or inconsiderable, that I would not rather know it than not."
PH--B- B-G-RT: "The smile that was childlike and bland."
M-RY BR-DSH-W: "Just as harmless as she looks."
M. A. BR-WN: "Nor bold, nor shy, nor short, nor tall,
But a new mingling of them all."
S. M. BR-WN: "She moves a goddess and she looks a queen."
J-SS-E D. B-RNH-M: "To manage men, one ought to have a sharp mind in a velvet sheath."
AL-C- W. C-LE: "He who wants little, always has enough."
CL-R- H. C-NKL-N: "It is good to be unselfish and generous; but don't carry that too far."
JU-IET-E M. C--K-: "Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature."
H-RR-ET F. D-CK-R: "Oh, I love society, high society, swell society."
C-NST-NC- B. DR-P-R: "I am not merry; but I do beguile the thing I am, by seeming otherwise."
FL-R-NC- EV-NS: He who seems not to himself more than he, is more than he seems."
CH-RL-TTE A. F-B-R: "Lo! hear what gentleness these women have."
M-RY R. F--KS: "Let us enjoy the fugitive hour!"
R-TH R. F-RB-S: "A still, small voice."

AMY M. F-RD: "I have no other but a woman's reason: I think him so, because I think him so."

AL-X-ND-R- G-MBL-: "The course of true love never did run smooth."

H-RRI-T G-DD-RD: "I know a lady that loves talking so incessantly she won't give an echo fair play."

M-RG-RY GO-INL-CK: "A maiden never bold, of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion blush'd at herself."

L-C-L- GR--N: "There is a certain something in your looks,
A certain scholar-like and studious something—
You understand—which cannot be mistaken!"

H-L-N L. GR-V-R: "Oh! she will sing the savageness out of a bear."

R-CH-L S. H-INES: "There is a majesty in simplicity which is far above the quaintness of wit."

M-RY H. H-LL: "The sin of excessive length."

L-CY H. H-RR-S-N: "That careless bearing free from all pretence."

FL-R-NCE H-ST-NGS: "Ask not of me, what is love!"

ANN- H-NN-NG: "Politeness is as natural to delicate natures as perfume is to flowers."

K-TH-R-N H-TZ: "An eminent reputation is as dangerous as a bad one."

ANN- KL-NG-NH-G-N: "Luminous escapes of thought."

S. EL-Z-B-TH L-NN-X: "And she hath a conscience?" "Yea, so tender, it ever pricketh."

CL-R- L-R-NZ-N: "Such an one
As everyone should wish to be."

M-R-ON L-W-: "I do know her by her gait."

AL-C- G. LY-N: "Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare."

M-RTH- MCAL-RN-Y: "And some loquacious vessels were."

ANN-E D MCCL-R-: "Young incredibly, younger than spring!"

EL-Z-B-TH MCCR-LL-SH: "Ful wel she sange the service devine.
Entuned in him nose ful swetely;
And French she spake ful fayre and fetishly."

M-RC-A C. MC-NT-R-: "Of vain things,
Excuses are the vainest."

M-Y M-TTH-WS: "Such blushes as adorn the ruddy welkin on the purple morn."

M-B-L M-TC-LF: "O, this learning! What a thing it is!"

M-RY P. M-NTG-M-RY: "A full fine actor, she."

CLA-R- M-RR-S-N: "How strangely easy difficult things are!"

ETH-L N-Y-S: "I lack iniquity sometimes to do me service."

C-R-L-N- P-TK-N: "Whose else that motion and that mien, whose else that airy tread?"

EM-LY P-TK-N: "One ought to love society, if he wishes to enjoy solitude."

ETH-L M. P-W-R: "The world belongs to the energetic."

C-ROL-NE R. P LS-F-R: "My books and instruments shall be my company."

M-RY R-PP-RT: "Her only books are gentlemen's looks."

M- - McE. R-C-: "A mind at peace with all below."

H-L-N N. R- -NDS: "So brimful of this merry, vigorous life."

MYR- M. S-WH-LL: "Your brain well furnished, and your tongue well taught."

GE-RG-A S-LV-R: "Alte soll man ehren
Junga soll man bekehren
Weise soll man fragen
Warren veitragen."

ELV-RA J. SL-CK: "But does she really comprehend what Shopenhauer's driving at?"

L-LL- - N W. SM-TH: "For patience she would prove a second Grissel."

M-RY E. SM-TH: "So wise, so young, they say do never live long."

M-RY D. SNYD-R: "Common sense in an uncommon degree, is what the world calls wisdom."

AL-C- G. SP-NK: "To be merry best becomes you; for out of question you were born in a merry hour."

LU-Y B. ST-CKH- -S-: "What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?"

B-RTHA M. ST-V-NS: "You must be calm before you can utter oracles."

M-RY B. S-OR-: "An appearance of delicacy, yea, even of fragility."

ANN-E B. ST-W-: "She never lied; I reckon she never knowed how."

ANN-E L. SW-S-Y: "Go too, I will be a doctor, yea, verily a sawbones!"

S-R-H G. TO-PK-NS: "This life and all that it contains to her
Is but a tissue of illuminous dreams
Filled with book-wisdom, pictured thought and love
That on its own creations spends itself."

BL-NCH- L. TR- -: "If common sense has not the brilliancy of the sun, it has the fixity of the stars."

ED-TH T-RN-R: "Indeed she shone all smiles."

ANN- B. V- - L:
M-RY G. V- - L: } "In truth we have lived carelessly and well."

CL-RA W-LL-W-R: "She and he are many miles asunder."

L-LL- W- - D: "Men of few words are the best men."

BL-NCH- W-LLS: "Superlatives are diminutives and weaken."

J-L-A W-LLS: "Ladies whose bright eyes rain influence."

H-TTY S. WH- -L-R : "I'll not be tied to hours nor pointed times, but learn my lessons as I please myself."

AL-C- W-LC-X : "Slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers."

ELS- - W-LC-X : "Wax to receive and marble to retain."

H-L-N W-NG-R : "How lightly doth she soar in philosophic flights!"

L-UR- W- -D : "Whom the genius of man do adore."

L-CY M. W- -DW-RD : "Come, you are too severe a moraler!"

Alii Sunt

The Glee Club: "Let the singing singers
With vocal voices most vociferous,
In sweet vociferations, out vociferize,
E'en sound itself."

The Magazine Board: "Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land."

The Academic Council: "Their cogitative faculties immers'd,
In cogitundity of cogitation."

1902 Basket Ball Team: "Whom even the critics do not criticise."

'99: "Ye'll aye be welcome back again."

1900: "Remember you! 'twere leisure's worthiest task,
Forget! I could not, though thine own lips asked."

1901: "A glorious and a long career pursue."

1902: "Populi Sumus."

1903: "Who think too little and talk too much."

1904: "Be to her virtues very kind,
Be to her faults a little blind."

1905: "To thee and thy company we bid a hearty welcome."

1906: "The less said the better,
Let them grow."

The Mandolin Club: "Music do I hear! Ha! Ha! Keep time!
How sweet music is where time is broke and no
proportion kept."

The Legenda Board: "'Tis pleasant sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't."

Field Day: "This day shall change all griefs and quarrels into love."

Zool. Lab.: "The rankest compound of villainous smells that ever offended nostril."

Graduate Club: "Formed of two mighty tribes, the bores and the bored."

Full many a rose is born to blush unseen,
For no one chanced to wander where it grew.
Full many an hour of toil is never known
Because she didn't ask me what I knew.

The Battle of Wellesley

(After Southey)

It was a summer evening,
  The Senior's work was done,
And she, upon the chapel steps,
  Was sitting in the sun.
And by her sported, near the door,
The Freshman and the Sophomore.

She saw the playful Freshman
  Roll something large and round,
Which she beside Lake Waban
  In playing there had found.
She came to ask what she had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

The Senior took it from the child,
  Who stood expectant by,
And then she shook her heavy head
  And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor girl's forensic," said,
"Her life-blood sprinkled through it red.

"I find them in my bookcase,
  For there's many thereabout,
And often, when I go to dust,
  The dust-cloth turns them out.
For many thousand nights," she said,
"I've sat up, thinking on my bed."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about!"
The youthful Freshman cries;
The little Soph-o-more looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes.
"Now tell us all about exams.,
And why they have these awful crams."

"It was the English Ten," she cried,
"It was Psychology,
But what they ever do it for,
I never could quite see.
But everybody says," quoth she,
"That I have gotten my degree.

"I used to live in College Hall,
Yon little lake hard by,
We burnt forensics one and all;
The Sophomore lingered nigh,
They followed us around the lake,
Before the day began to break.

"With whoop and shout the country round
They followed far and wide,
And never we answered them a word
However loud they cried,
But things like that you know, must be
Before a girl gets her degree.

"They say it was a shocking sight,
Before exams. were o'er,
For many thousand busy-signs,
Were swinging on each door.
But things like that, you know, must be
Before a girl gets her degree.

"Great praise the math. examiners won,
And the good philosoph-or."
"Why 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said the little Soph-o-more;
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth she,
"'Tis the only course for a degree.

"And everybody praised the girl
Who all this anguish bore."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth the little Soph-o-more,
"Why, that I cannot tell," said she,
"But I have gotten my degree."

The Long-sufferers

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie others,
To see us as we see oursels."

First Long-sufferer

It's been said we are conceited o'er and o'er,
We've been called the "daisy" class in puns galore,
We think it's more than time such slander ceased.
We may win the palm in contests athletic,
And quite as well in matters academic,
But we never were conceited—not the least.

Second Long-sufferer

The pledges that we've made, they say, we break,
And those we ought, they say, we never make,
They criticise the "pink and red" we chose,
But would they always do the things they should,
If they *always* had to promise to be good!
And our colors are the *crimson* and the *rose*.

Third Long-sufferer

'Tis said we're quite too clever for our youth,
For one so young, too forward, but in truth,
We really aren't as forward as we're thought.
We can multiply a maple tree by five,
To call a spade a spade, we always strive,
But are we then more clever than we ought?

Fourth Long-sufferer

At the elevator door we rush ahead,
Though on the toes of Faculty we tread,
Well—that's the reputation that we bear.
But we really aren't like Freshmen of the past,
You'll find us in the elevator—last,
And to tread on sacred toes we never dare.

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Assistant in charge of Art Library and Collections.	
MARY S. BACON	Wellesley, Mass.
Superintendent of Simpson Cottage.	
EMILY GREEN BALCH, B.A., Bryn Mawr	Pine Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Instructor in Economics.	
EMILIE J. BARKER, M.D.	278 Central Avenue, Fredonia, N. Y.
Resident Physician and Superintendent of Eliot.	
KATHARINE LEE BATES, M.A., Wellesley	6 Howe Street, Wellesley, Mass.
Professor of English Literature.	
KATHERINE BATES, Ph.B.	Wellesley, Mass.
Instructor in English.	
MALVINA M. BENNETT, B.S., Boston University	49 Linnaean Street, Cambridge, Mass.
Instructor in Elocution.	

NAME	ADDRESS
MARY BOWEN, Ph.D., Chicago University *Instructor in English Literature.*	Centreville, Iowa.
MARY ALICE BOWERS, M.A., Radcliffe *Instructor in Zoölogy.*	Saco, Me.
CHARLOTTE ALMIRA BRAGG, B.S., Massachusetts Institute of Technology *Associate Professor of Chemistry.*	Braggville, Mass.
CAROLINE M. BREYFOGLE *Associate Professor of Biblical History.*	Wellesley, Mass.
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*MARY WHITON CALKINS, M.A. *Professor of Philosophy and Psychology.*	
ELLOR ELIZA CARLISLE *Associate Professor of Pedagogy.*	315 Crown Street, West Haven, Conn.
BERTHE CARON, Lic. ès L. *Instructor in French.*	Saverdun, Ariège, France.
LYDIE CARON, Lic. ès L. *Instructor in French.*	Saverdun, Ariège, France.
MARY SOPHIA CASE, B.A., University of Michigan *Associate Professor of Psychology and History of Philosophy.*	Wellesley, Mass.
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MARY CASWELL *Secretary to the President.*	Wellesley, Mass.
EVA CHANDLER, B.A., University of Michigan *Associate Professor of Mathematics.*	Wellesley, Mass.
ANGIE CLARA CHAPIN, M.A., University of Michigan *Professor of Greek Language and Literature.*	16 Cayuga Street, Auburn, N. Y.
KATHARINE COMAN, Ph.B., University of Michigan *Professor of Economics.*	6 Howe Street, Wellesley, Mass.

* Absent for current year.

NAME	ADDRESS
CAROLINE J. COOK, B.A., LL.B.	Boston, Mass.
Instructor in Business Methods.	
MARY ELIZABETH COOK	Wellesley, Mass.
Superintendent of Wood Cottage.	
GRACE EMILY COOLEY, Ph.D., Zurich	Wellesley, Mass.
Associate Professor of Botany.	
CLARA EATON CUMMINGS	Wellesley, Mass.
Associate Professor of Cryptogamic Botany.	
JENNIE PRESTON DANIELL	Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston.
Instructor in Violin.	
GRACE E. DAVIS, B.A., Wellesley	10 Allston Terrace, Brighton, Mass.
Instructor in Physics.	
OLIVE DAVIS	Rochester, N. Y.
Superintendent of Wilder Hall and Lecturer on Domestic Science.	
BERTHA DENIS, B.A., Wellesley	Wellesley, Mass.
Instructor in Mathematics.	
FREDERIC S. DE LUE, M.D.	Wellesley, Mass.
Instructor in Zoology.	
LOUISE ANNE DENNISON	Wellesley, Mass.
Superintendent of Freeman Cottage.	
EDWARD STAPLES DROWN, B.A., Harvard; B.D., Cambridge Theological School	20 Walker Street, Cambridge, Mass.
Instructor in New Testament.	
KATHERINE MAY EDWARDS, Ph.D., Cornell	Wellesley, Mass.
Associate Professor of Greek.	
MARGARET FERGUSON	Seneca Castle, N. Y.
Instructor in Botany.	
ELIZABETH FLORETTE FISHER, B.S., Massachusetts Institute of Technology	142 Trenton Street, East Boston.
Instructor in Geology and Mineralogy.	
CAROLINE REBECCA FLETCHER, M.A., Radcliffe	35 Blake Street, N. Cambridge, Mass.
Instructor in Latin.	

NAME	ADDRESS
Franc Estelle Foote, B.A.	Rochester, N. Y.
Instructor in Zoology.	
Mary Marion Fuller	P. O. Box 39, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Assistant in Chemical Laboratories.	
Eleanor Acheson McCulloch Gamble, Ph.D., Cornell	15 Broad Street, Plattsburg, N. Y.
Instructor in Psychology.	
Henrietta Gardiner, B.A., Radcliffe	24 Concord Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.
Instructor in English.	
Lydia Boker Godfrey, Ph.B., Boston University	Morningside (Lake Placid), Essex Co., N. Y.
Librarian, Instructor in Bibliography.	
Mary Geraldine Gordon, B.A.	Cincinnati, Ohio.
Assistant in English.	
George Gould	Wellesley, Mass.
Cashier.	
*Susan Maria Hallowell, M.A., Colby University	
Professor of Botany.	
Sophie Chantal Hart, M.A., University of Michigan	Wellesley, Mass.
Associate Professor of Rhetoric.	
Adeline Belle Hawes, M.A., Oberlin	41 James Street, Bangor, Me.
Associate Professor of Latin.	
Harriet Hawes	Wellesley, Mass.
Librarian Emeritus.	
Ellen Hayes, B.A., Oberlin	Wellesley, Mass.
Professor of Applied Mathematics.	
Caroline Hazard, M.A., University of Michigan; Litt.D., Brown University	Peace Dale, R. I.
President.	
Lucile Eaton Hill	Wellesley, Mass.
Director of Physical Training.	
Henry Cutter Holt	8 Cliff Street, Winchester, Mass.
Instructor in History of Architecture.	
Emma Sophia Hosford	59 Cypress Street, Brookline, Mass.
Instructor in Vocal Music.	

* Absent for current year.

NAME	ADDRESS
*Marion Elizabeth Hubbard, B.S., Chicago University *Associate Professor of Zoölogy.*	
Florence Jackson, B.S. *Instructor in Chemistry.*	North Blossom Street, Wellesley, Mass.
Margaret H. Jackson *Instructor in Italian and French.*	South Weymouth, Mass.
Emily Josephine Hurd *Instructor of Piano.*	Wellesley, Mass.
*Sophie Jewett *Associate Professor of English Literature.*	
Helen Marian Kelsey, B.A., Wellesley *Registrar.*	Theresa, N. Y.
Elizabeth Kimball Kendall, LL.B., M.A., Radcliffe *Associate Professor of History.*	4 Haviland Street, Boston.
Eliza H. Kendrick, Ph.D. *Instructor in Biblical History.*	45 Hunnewell Avenue, Newton, Mass.
Alicia M. Keyes *Instructor in Art.*	Care Judge Keyes, Concord, Mass.
Grace Langford, B.S. *Instructor in Physics.*	Chiltonville, Plymouth, Mass.
Adelaide Imogen Locke, B.A., Mt. Holyoke; B.S T., Hartford Theological School *Professor of Biblical History.*	East Alstead, N. H.
Laura E. Lockwood, Ph.D., Yale *Instructor in English.*	Wellesley, Mass.
Martha Gause McCaulley *Instructor in English.*	Wellesley, Mass.
Hamilton C. Macdougall, Mus.D. *Professor of Music.*	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Edmund von Mach, Ph.D., Harvard *Instructor in Greek Art.*	1 Walker Terrace, Cambridge, Mass.
(Mrs.) Annie Mandell *Superintendent of Waban Cottage.*	Baldwinsville, Mass.

* Absent for current year.

NAME ADDRESS

*Helen A. Merrill . . . . . .
Associate Professor of Mathematics.

Margaretha E. Mitzlaff Care Consul Ed. Mitzlaff, Elbing, West Prussia, Germany.
Instructor in German.

Annie Sybil Montague, M.A., Wellesley . 26 Fayette Street, Cambridgeport, Mass.
Associate Professor of Greek.

Albert Pitts Morse . . . . . Wellesley, Mass.
Curator of Zoological Museum and Assistant in Zoological Laboratories.

Margarethe Müller . . . . . Nollendorfplatz 9, Berlin, Germany.
Associate Professor of German.

Hugo Münsterberg, Ph.D., M.D . . . . . Cambridge, Mass.
Lecturer on Psychology.

Anna Stedman Newman . . . . 106 Crowfoot Street, Pittsfield, Mass.
Superintendent of Norumbega Cottage.

William Harmon Niles, B.S., Ph.B., M.A., Yale Institute Technology, Boston, Mass.
Professor of Geology.

Julia Swift Orvis, B.A., Vassar . . . . . Dixon, Ill.
Instructor in History.

Josephine Preston Peabody . . . 36 Linnaean Street, Cambridge, Mass.
Instructor in English Literature.

Ellen Fitz Pendleton . . . . . Westerly, R. I.
Dean.

Louise Townsend Penny, B.A., Wellesley . . . . Greenport, N. Y.
Instructor in Chemistry.

Emerson O. Perkins . . . . . Wellesley, Mass.
Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds.

Frances Melville Perry . . . . 1017 Park Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.
Instructor in English.

Carrie Frances Pierce, B.A., Wellesley . Care T. D. Pierce, Easthampton, Mass.
Reference Librarian.

Ethel D. Puffer, B.A. . . . . Cambridge, Mass.
Instructor in Philosophy.

*Absent for current year.

NAME	ADDRESS
Hèlène J. Raiche	863 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.
Assistant in French.	
Harriet Noyes Randall	24 Fletcher Street, Roslindale, Mass.
Instructor in Swedish Gymnastics.	
Frieda Reuther	Kötzschenbroda, Dresden, Mittlere Bergstrasse 7.
Instructor in German.	
Charlotte F. Roberts, Ph.D.	Greenfield, Mass.
Professor of Chemistry.	
Edmund C. Sanford, Ph.D.	Worcester, Mass.
Lecturer on Psychology.	
George Santayana, Ph.D.	Cambridge, Mass.
Lecturer on Greek Philosophy.	
Hèlène Alexandrine Schaeys	Wellesley, Mass.
Associate Professor of French.	
Cora Scofield	Wellesley, Mass.
Instructor in History.	
*Vida Dutton Scudder	
Associate Professor of English Literature.	
Martha Hale Shackford, Ph.D.	Wellesley, Mass.
Instructor in English Literature.	
Lena E. Sheble	1709 Mt. Vernon Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Assistant in Zoölogy Laboratories.	
Evelyn B. Sherrard	Wellesley, Mass.
Resident Health Officer; Lecturer on Physiology and Hygiene.	
Margaret Sherwood, Ph.D., Yale	Wellesley, Mass.
Associate Professor of English Literature.	
Mary C. Smith, B.A.	Wellesley, Mass.
Assistant in Psychology Laboratory.	
Mary Frazer Smith	Wellesley, Mass.
Secretary to the Dean.	
Marie A. Solano	Boston, Mass.
Instructor in Spanish.	

*Absent for current year.

NAME	ADDRESS
Mary A. Stowell *Instructor in Pianoforte.*	Boston, Mass.
Margaret Sweeney, Ph.D. *Instructor in English.*	Wellesley, Mass.
Caroline Burling Thompson, Ph.D. *Instructor in Zoology.*	Wellesley, Mass.
Roxana Hayward Vivian, Ph.D. *Instructor in Mathematics.*	Hyde Park, Mass.
Harriet A. Walker *Assistant in Botanical Laboratories.*	Wellesley, Mass.
Alice Walton *Instructor in Latin and Archæology.*	68 Chestnut Street, West Newton, Mass.
Charles H. Warren, Ph.D. *Instructor in Mineralogy.*	Cambridge, Mass.
Carla Wenckebach *Professor of German Language and Literature.*	Wellesley, Mass.
Elizabeth P. Whiting *Superintendent of Fiske Cottage.*	Wellesley, Mass.
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Mary Alice Willcox, Ph.D. *Professor of Zoölogy.*	80 Mountain Avenue, Malden, Mass.
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The Graduate

Children, behold the Graduate!
She sits in an exalted state,
To which she climbed in ages gone.
I'm glad she clomb; if we hold on,
We may, for aught that I can say,
Be glorious graduates too some day.

Graduate Students

NAME	ADDRESS
Bigelow, Gertrude	Natick, Mass.
Burnett, Ethel H.	26 Prospect Street, Natick, Mass.
Caldwell, Mary Grace	Wellesley, Mass.
Capen, Mary W.	Jamaca Plain, Mass.
Haskell, Mary	15 Temple Street, West Newton, Mass.
March, Bertha	4 Greenough Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.
Nelson, Jeanette	Delaware, O.
Newkirk, Eliza	Walnut Hill, Natick, Mass.
Norcross, Mrs. Helen W.	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Palmer, Jessie M.	Duluth, Minn.
Parker, Rena D.	61 East Pearl Street, Nashua, N. H.
Raines, Theodosia	Wellesley, Mass.
Stern, Elsie	157 Franklin Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
Stratton, Alice B.	Northfield, Minn.
Thomas, Elizabeth R.	Box 425, Oxford, O.
Thompson, May	3119 Day Street, Seattle, Washington.
Thompson, Maud	156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Witherle, Anna	Webster, Maine.
Woodbury, Mabel B.	Holliston, Mass.

The Senior

The Senior is so very grand
She ought to hire a big brass band
To march before her all the day,
And keep the Freshmen from the way.

Class of Nineteen Hundred and Two

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FLOWER . . . . . *Daisy* *MOTTO* . . . . . *"Strong to Live"*

Wellesley, 1902! Rah! Rah! Rah!
One, Nine, Naught, Two, Wellesley!

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Barnes, Clare	16 Cottage Place, Tarrytown, N. Y.
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NAME	ADDRESS
Barron, Mary G.	Fanhault, Minn.
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Bradshaw, Mary L.	151 North Professor Street, Oberlin, O.
Bridge, Nona S.	82 West Twelfth Street, Fremont, Neb.
Brooks, Mary W.	Oriho, Ontario, Canada
Brown, M. Agnes	317 Campbell Street, Williamsport, Pa.
Brown, Sara M.	406 North Street, Harrisburg, Pa.
Bunting, Florence M.	5 Stratford Road, Winchester, Mass
Burnham, Jessie D.	264 Prospect Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.
Button, Jane W.	6350 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
Campbell, Elizabeth R.	549 Leverington Avenue, Roxborough, Philadelphia, Pa.
Carlisle, Anne S.	61 Howe Avenue, Passaic, N. J.
Cole, Alice W.	2 Cole Street, Beverly, Mass.
Conklin, Clare H.	322 North Grove Avenue, Oak Park, Ill.
Coughlin, Ellen M.	74 West Union Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Cutler, Lucy S.	Rockford, Ill.
Davis, Bertha E.	Box 99, South Framingham, Mass.
Decker, Harriet L.	Convent Station, N. J.
Draper, Constance B.	Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C.
Durfee, A. Blanche	639 East Capitol Street, Washington, D. C.
Evans, Florence	203 West Walnut Lane, Germantown, Pa.
Faber, Charlotte A.	12 Gibbs Street, Rochester, N. Y.
Fleming, Maud R.	310 Central Avenue, Oil City, Pa.
Fooks, Mary R.	Laurel, Del.
Forbes, Ruth R.	315 South Fifth Aveune, La Grange, Ill.
Ford, Amy M.	1404 Rokeby Street, Chicago, Ill.
Gamble, Alexandera McG.	15 Broad Street, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Goddard, Harriet	205 East Ninth Street, Plainfield, N. J.
Gordon, Mary P.	105 Cherry Street, Towanda, Pa.
Gouinlock, Margery M.	Warsaw, N. Y.
Green, Lucile	55 North Clinton Avenue, Trenton, N. J.
Gregory, Jeannette L.	5 West Avenue, Norwalk, Conn.

NAME	ADDRESS
Grover, Helen L.	15 Maple Street, Arlington, Mass.
Haines, Rachel S.	5433 Wayne Avenue, Germantown, Pa.
Hall, Mary H.	484 Washington Street, Dorchester, Mass.
Harrington, Helen	1650 Grant Avenue, Denver, Col.
Harrison, Lucy H.	35 Cove Street, Atlanta, Ga.
Haskell, Jessica J.	Hallowell, Maine.
Hastings, Florence N.	827 Monroe Avenue, Green Bay, Wis.
Hayward, Dora S.	64 Locust Hill Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.
Henning, Anna A.	394 South Centre Street, Pottsville, Pa.
Hill, Helen F.	Dedham, Mass.
Hobbs, Charlotte E.	Lowell, Maine.
Holliday, Alice	Laramie, Wyo.
Hotz, Katharine E.	Morton Grove, Ill.
Hughes, Frances L.	29 Lincoln Avenue, Cortland, N. Y.
Hunt, Bessie N.	Barre Station, Mass.
Hutzinpillar, Jessie F.	45 North Fifth Street, Ironton, O.
Hyde, Mabel H.	32 Cutler Street, Morristown, N. J.
Ihlder, Rebecca	239 Warburton Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.
Kampman, Carolyn	45 Sanford Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.
Kelly, Sarah W.	North Raynham, Mass.
Kittredge, Elizabeth M.	17 Main Street, Dover, Me.
Klingenhagen, Anna M.	Plymouth, Mass.
Knapp, Frances L.	Milford, N. H.
Lee, Rosaline	13 School Street, Peabody, Mass.
Lennox, Sarah E.	95 Prospect Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.
Libby, Lillian L.	125 Academy Street, Laconia, N. H.
Lister, Helen T.	3802 Avenue P, Galveston, Texas.
Lorenzen, Clara H.	517 Fourth Avenue, Clinton, Iowa.
Lowe, Marion W.	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Lyon, Alice G.	Redlands, Cal.
McAusland, Lulu I.	32 Warren Street, Taunton, Mass.
McClure, Annie D.	Lake Forest, Ill.
McCrellish, Elizabeth	39 North Clinton Avenue, Trenton, N. J.
McGraw, Sue B.	12 Arlington Avenue, East Orange, N. J.
McIntire, Marcia C.	Saco, Maine.

NAME	ADDRESS
Manwaring, Bessie W.	560 Noble Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.
Marston, Charlotte P.	Danvers, Mass.
Mason, Irene	Metuchen, N. J.
Mathews, May	445 Ellison Street, Paterson, N. J.
Maxwell, Mary A.	372 Castle Street, Geneva, N. Y.
Miller, Anne K.	309 La Grande Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.
Montgomery, Mary P.	Taunton, Mass.
Moody, Lucy B.	Beaver, Penn.
Morrison, Claire A.	12 Oak Street, Willimantic, Conn.
Noble, Sarah G.	65 Church Street, Montclair, N. J.
Noyes, Ethel W.	Newtonville, Mass.
Osborne, Florence M.	Florence Avenue, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Parmenter, Esther	Clinton, Iowa.
Perkins, Bertha G.	Topsfield, Mass.
Petrie, Florence E.	Ingram, Pa.
Philbrick, Annie B.	Rye Beach, N. H.
Pitkin, Caroline E.	234 East Avenue, Oak Park, Ill.
Pitkin, E. Winifred	702 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y.
Pitkin, F. Emily	234 East Avenue, Oak Park, Ill.
Power, Ethel M.	583 Broadway, South Boston, Mass.
Prouty, Louise	Spencer, Mass.
Pulsifer, Caroline R.	Yarmouth, Mass.
Putney, Ethel W.	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Ragsdale, Lena M.	Clarksville, Tenn.
Reardon, Mary I.	Wellesley, Mass.
Reppert, Mary	512 West Third Street, Jamestown, N. Y.
Rice, Mae McE.	194 Main Street, North Adams, Mass.
Rich, Florence E.	Fort Dodge, Iowa.
Rounds, Helen N.	Calais, Maine.
Sanborn, Ethel L.	271 Washington Avenue, Chelsea, Mass.
Sargent, Harriet C.	Graniteville, Mass.
Sawhill, Myra M.	1333 Fayette Street, Allegheny, Pa.
Silver, Georgia	206 E. Forty-sixth Street, Chicago, Ill.
Slack, Elvira J.	Bethel, Conn.
Smedley, Lydia M.	222 South Avenue, Bradford, Pa.

NAME	ADDRESS
Smith, Lillian W.	Weatogue, Conn.
Smith, Mary E.	156 Porter Street, Melrose, Mass.
Snyder, Anna E.	725 Third Avenue, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Snyder, Mary D.	1219 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.
Southworth, Inez M.	West Stoughton, Mass.
Spink, Alice G.	150 South Angell Street, Providence, R. I.
Stackhouse, Lucy B.	Wallingford, Pa.
Stevens, Bertha M.	Bartlett, N H.
Stilwell, Grace E.	793 Osceola Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.
Stocking, Annie W.	Williamstown Station, Mass.
Storm, Mary B.	52 South Clinton Street, East Orange, N. J.
Stowe, Annie B.	Caryville, Mass.
Sturgis, Mabel L.	24 Winnemay Street, Natick, Mass.
Sullivan, Frankie E.	26 Monmouth Street, East Boston, Mass.
Thayer, Alice	8 Clarmont Street, Worcester, Mass.
Thomas, Ruth E.	11 Marble Street, Roxbury, Mass.
Tomkins, Sarah G.	1904 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
True, Blanche L.	Wellesley, Mass.
Turner, Edith	Geneva, Ill.
Vail, Anna Blair	Blairstown, N. J.
Vail, Mary G.	Blairstown, N. J.
Wallower, Clara	410 North Third Street, Harrisburg, Pa.
Weed, Lilla	112 West Willow Grove Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Phila., Pa.
Wells, Blanche H.	2500 Stevens Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.
Wheeler, Hetty S.	390 Park Place, Bridgeport, Conn.
Wells, Julia F.	Fairfax, Va.
Wilcox, Alice M.	22 Mitchell Avenue, Waterbury, Conn.
Wilcox, Elsie H.	Lihue, Kanai, Hawaiian Islands.
Wilderman, Augusta	608 Mascontah Avenue, Belleville, Ill.
Winger, Helen	342 South Limestone Street, Springfield, O.
Wood, Laura A.	36 Hartford Street, Roxbury, Mass.
Wood, M. Berry	249 Webster Avenue, Muskegon, Mich.
Woods, Bertha R.	715 French Street, Erie, Pa.
Woods, Matilda	Rapid City, South Dakota.
Woodward, Lucy M.	Watertown, Conn.

My arms are so weary
I can't go to bed.
And that dreadful forensic
Hangs o'er me like lead.

The Junior

Class of Nineteen Hundred and Three

TREE . . . . . *Liquid Amber* *COLORS* . . . . *Crimson and Rose*
FLOWER . . . . . *The Rose* *MOTTO* . . . . *"Haud ve Leal"*

Τρεις καὶ ἐννέα καὶ δέκα
Wellesley, Wellesley, Rah! Whoo! Rah!

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Mary McKinney . . .	
Grace Dean	Athletic Member

Members

NAME	ADDRESS
Adams, Cora M.	Warren, Mass.
Ainslie, S. Belle	34 Plaza Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Allen, Louise W.	185 East Street, Pittsfield, Mass.
Anderson, Mary F.	24 Goodwin Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
Atwood, Lottie A. . . .	1935 Eleventh Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

NAME	ADDRESS
Baird, Nora	116 St. Joseph Street, East Lansing, Mich.
Baker, Alice L.	Hyattsville, Md.
Barrett, Saidee C.	24 West Seventy-first Street, New York, N. Y.
Barth, Florence	816 Kansas Avenue, Atchison, Kan.
Bass, Elizabeth	Milton, Me.
Bowen, Vera C.	152 Van Dervoort Street, North Tonawanda, N. Y.
Brinkman, Christine L.	Twenty-second and Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.
Brown, Alice S.	819 North Main Street, Rockford, Ill.
Brown, Pearl E.	Comstock's Bridge, Conn.
Brown, Udetta D.	9 West 129th Street, New York, N. Y.
Bruce, Lillian H.	18 Shepard Street, Worcester, Mass.
Buhlert, Helene L.	34 Gray Street, Arlington, Mass.
Cannon, C. Christabel	40 Dwight Street, New Haven, Conn.
Champlin, Mabel F.	South Ferry, R. I.
Clarke, Martha E.	College Park, Md.
Clifford, Edith	4168 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.
Coale, Helen M.	Tom's River, N. J.
Cocks, F. Maude	152 West 122nd St., New York, N. Y.
Conover, Elizabeth D.	401 Salem Street, Dayton, O.
Cooke, Juliette M.	3418 Park Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.
Crombie, Mary H.	750 Wallace Avenue, Station D, Pittsburg, Pa.
Dalrymple, Alice E.	Rochester, N. H.
Dean, Grace M.	Tipton, Iowa.
Dobbin, Flora A.	Shushan, N. Y.
Dole, Blanche	104 Pearl Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
Downey, Mary B.	52 Piedmont Street, Worcester, Mass.
Edwards, Grace L.	Lisle, N. Y.
Emmett, Mary A.	Peace Dale, R. I.
Emmons, Blanche F.	202 East Ellsworth Street, Denver, Col.
Everett, Ethel G.	5 South Pine Street, Dover, N. H.
Farnham, Grace C.	Wellesley, Mass.
Fitch, Helen M.	36 Linden Street, Allston, Mass.
Foster, Eugenia	Glendale, O.
French, Georgie B.	Fremont, Alaska.
Friend, Leah B.	Ellsworth, Me.

NAME	ADDRESS
Gilligan, Maud E.	44 Pond Street, Natick, Mass.
Goodwin, Jessie S.	22 Boynton Street, Worcester, Mass.
Greene, Elsa	1212 Turner Place, Jacksonville, Ill.
Haines, Mary H.	5433 Wayne Avenue, Germantown, Pa.
Hall, Helen L.	917 West Fifth Street, Plainfield, N. J.
Ham, Julia M.	239 Central Avenue, Dover, N. H.
Hanna, Genevieve C.	36 Jackson Avenue, Bradford, Pa.
Hannahs, Laura E.	31 Roseville Avenue, Newark, N. J.
Hastings, Gertrude L.	13 Park Avenue, Natick, Mass.
Hatch, Zoe R.	500 East Fifth Street, Jamestown, N. Y.
Hegeman, Lucy M.	200 Pennington Avenue, Passaic, N. J.
Hershey, Marie	609 Avenue B, Sterling, Ill.
Hewett, Julia A. W.	R. F. D. No. 1, Norwich, Conn.
Hicks, Florence C.	93 Pleasant Street, Arlington, Mass.
Holbrook, Flora E.	Sutton, Mass.
Holt, Carrie M.	Saxton's River, Vt.
Hull, Mary S.	67 Mercer Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.
Hunt, Myrtle C.	496 East Pine Street, Portland, Ore.
Jones, Edith M.	15 Grove Street, Natick, Mass.
Knodel, Catherine F.	Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.
La Croix, Theresa W.	44 South Common Street, Lynn, Mass.
Landis, May V.	1025 Fifth Street, San Diego, Cal.
Lathrop, Jessica	West Sixth Street, Kansas City, Mo.
Lewis, Grace E.	Beaver Falls, N. Y.
Locke, Eugenia	46 Davenport Street, North Adams, Mass.
Loomis, Mary L.	Pine Woods Avenue, Troy, N. Y.
Lord, Kate I.	Stafford Springs, Conn.
Lucas, Helen E.	East Carver, Miss.
Lukens, Evangeline	Oxford, N. Y.
Lusk, Minnie E.	Warsaw, N. Y.
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McCord, Lettice	Blue Island, Ill.
McCutcheon, Theodora N.	Greenwich, Conn.
McGraw, Sue B.	East Orange, N. J.
McIlwain, Mary C.	Saltsburg, Pa.

NAME	ADDRESS
McKinney, Mary A.	Sewickley, Pa.
Mareatt, Helen	15 Keene Street, Providence, R. I.
Marland, Mary K.	12 School Street, Andover, Mass.
Marston, Mary G.	1210 Ash Street, San Diego, Cal.
Maxwell, L. Margaret	372 Castle Street, Geneva, N. Y.
May, Eleanor C.	208 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, N. Y.
Miller, Ernestine	Wellsboro, Pa.
Miller, Maud	622 East Twenty-sixth Street, Paterson, N. J.
Mills, Emily W.	50 Chestnut Street, Oneonta, N. Y.
Morse, Lelia D.	Putnam, Conn.
Neuhauser, Bijou W.	1818 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Newton, Elsie D.	2415 Auburn Avenue, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, O.
Nickerson, Marjorie L.	Eliot Street, Milton, Mass.
Noera, Florence A.	145 Hillside Avenue, Waterbury, Conn.
Page, Henrietta R.	Wellesley, Mass.
Page, Katherine R.	Wellesley, Mass.
Park, Caroline	Wellesley, Mass.
Patten, Mary	Palatine, Cook Co., Ill.
Phipps, Nurella E.	Holliston, Mass.
Piper, Florence M.	Malden, Mass.
Pitman, Anna L.	Laconia, N. H.
Poor, Martha V.	Hillside, Maine.
Proctor, Lucia M.	Newtonville, Mass.
Raymond, Claire S.	Lawrenceville, N. J.
Richards, Clara S.	18 Chestnut Street, Watertown, Mass.
Ripley, Anne R.	414 Maple Avenue, Oak Park, Ill.
Roberts, Elsie V. T.	252 Walnut Street, Corning, N. Y.
Rodgers, Caroline J.	Chagrin Falls, O.
Rowe, Edith	Circleville, O.
Russell, Florence H.	43 Hillside Avenue, Waterbury, Conn.
Sargeant, Louise	Plymouth, N. H.
Schlesinger, Belle	2805 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Schöpperle, Gertrude C.	Oil City, Pa.
Shaw, Edith M.	Eleventh and R Streets, Lincoln, Neb.
Shepard, Mary A.	McClintock Avenue, Allegheny, Pa.

NAME	ADDRESS
Silsby, Harriet M.	Cherryfield, Me.
Smith, Belle W.	Buckland, Mass.
Solomon, Helen	4406 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill
Steiner, Grace E.	531 Washington Street, Allegheny, Pa.
Stockwell, Alice W.	23 Orkney Road, Boston, Mass.
Stoker, Dora D.	623 West Eighth Street, Topeka, Kan.
Strum, Nellie A.	Auburndale, Mass.
Sullivan, Olive W.	Middleborough, Mass.
Taylor, Esther B.	East Bridgewater, Mass.
Terry, Frances G.	11 Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.
Thomas, M. Gertrude	93 Granite Street, Quincy, Mass.
Thrall, Harriette M.	Newton Centre, Mass.
Tilton, Winona	15 Prince Street, East Boston, Mass.
Todd, Bessie M.	Calais, Me.
Torrence, Ann R.	522 South Branson Street, Marion, Ind.
Torrey, Elizabeth C.	Lakehurst, N. J.
Turney, Lizzie M.	Paris, Ky.
Wander, Elizabeth A	419 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York, N. Y.
Warfield, Ruby E.	Oakdale, Mass.
Warren, Frances H.	Cheyenne, Wyo.
Welton, Gertrude W.	47 Cork Street, Waterbury, Conn.
Whidden, Ednah	110 Ontario Street, Oak Park, Ill
Whitney, Edith I.	Blossom Street, Fitchburg, Mass
Whitney, Ruth	Harvard, Mass.
Wilcox, Harriet B.	Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Wilson, Lurena L.	Fall River, Mass.
Wilson, Mary M.	Windsor, Conn.
Wintringer, Mary D.	North High Street, Steubenville, O.
Wise, Ruth C.	West Newton, Mass.
Woodbury, Augusta	13 Washington Street, Beverly, Mass.

The Sophomore

"I don't care-anything that you choose
For the Kings of the mighty Hebrews;
As for History, or Greek,
Or the English we speak,
Such things always give me the blues".

Class of Nineteen Hundred and Four

TREE . . . . . *Silver Leaf Maple* *COLOR* . . . . . *Violet*
FLOWER . . . . . *Violet* *MOTTO* . . . . . *"Scrogal"*

1904, Scrogal! 1904, Scrogal!
1904, Scrogal! Wellesley!

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NAME	ADDRESS
Abbott, Margaret L.	Fryeburg, Me.
Abbott, Ruth B.	Ouray, Col.
Adams, Louise	507 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Mich.
Allen, Bessie W.	Riverpoint, R. I.
Anderson, Sarah W.	Constantinople, Turkey.

NAME	ADDRESS
Appel, Elsie	1527 Broadway, Indianapolis, Ind.
Armstrong, Elta M.	125 North Eleventh Street, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Arnold, Maud H.	41 Waldo Street, Pawtucket, R. I.
Auten, Sarah R.	Princeville, Ill.
Babbitt, Helen	Wyckoff, N. J.
Baker, Sibyl	1728 Columbia Road, Washington, D. C.
Batt, Edith R.	181 South Broadway, Tarrytown, N. Y.
Beach, Bernadine	119 Prospect Street, East Orange, N. J.
Beemer, Alma G.	Ridgemont, Yonkers, N. Y.
Bennett, Eleanor M.	88 Lancaster Street, Albany, N. Y.
Birtwell, Bessie	201 Eighth Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.
Boynton, Emily O.	36 West Fiftieth Street, New York, N. Y.
Breese, Jane C.	Bellefonte, Pa.
Brooks, Martha N.	55 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.
Brown, E. Sophie	Stafford Springs, Conn.
Burbank, Jane L.	Saco, Me.
Burditt, Carrie M.	Pittsford, Vt.
Burt, Ada M.	9 Ferry Street, New York, N. Y.
Butler, Annie	Wellesley, Mass.
Butler, Cora L.	2636 Osage Street, St. Louis, Mo.
Button, Helen R.	6350 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
Campbell, Rowena	Nantucket, Mass.
Chamberlain, Helen E.	Framingham, Mass.
Chapman, Alice D.	Elyria, Ohio.
Clark, Eleanor	117 West Third Street, Oil City, Pa.
Clark, Grace B.	77 Johnson Park, Buffalo, N. Y.
Clark, Rosamond	1 Mt. Vernon Terrace, Newtonville, Mass.
Cogswell, Helen P.	"The Logan," Cleveland, Ohio.
Colman, Mary Elizabeth	12 Pelham Terrace, Arlington, Mass.
Cook, Florence V.	88 Johnson Park, Buffalo, N. Y.
Couse, Elizabeth A.	Hamburg, Sussex Co., N. J.
Crawford, Muriel B.	Webster, Mass.
Crocker, Grace G.	32 Lee Street, Cambridge, Mass.
Crosby, Ruth C.	8 Pearl Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
Danforth, Grace L.	428 Norwood Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

NAME	ADDRESS
Danielson, Alice J.	Danielson, Conn.
Darby, Anna E.	86 Walnut Street, Kokomo, Ind.
Davidson, Mary E.	1630 Washington Avenue, Scranton, Pa.
Denny, Florence	1216 Ninth Avenue, Seattle, Wash.
Dewar, Maude	2835 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.
Diehl, Edith	Brewster, N. Y.
Dixon, Ethel M.	1507 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Doak, Ethel B.	1502 North Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Dutcher, Daisy J.	Hopedale, Mass.
Eaton, Mary P.	232 President Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Egelston, Pauline	157 South Main Street, Gloversville, N. Y.
Ellis, Emma R.	Guilford, Me.
Emery, Miriam A.	51 Glenbyron Avenue, Nyack, N. Y.
Etzensperger, Emily B.	North Attleboro, Mass.
Fenton, Marion E.	29 Yale Street, Springfield, Mass.
Field, Fanny	1124 Vine Street, Denver, Col.
Fint, Claudia G.	Punxsutawney, Pa.
Flanders, Addie E.	84 Burke Street, Nashua, N. H.
Follett, Mary P.	94 Hoffman Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.
Foster, Louise B.	259 Essex Street, Beverly, Mass.
Fowler, Charlotte S.	205 Whaley Avenue, New Haven, Conn.
Fox, Edith	Wyoming, Ohio.
Fox, Helen G.	Milton Mills, N. H.
Franklin, A. Mildred	Atlantic Highlands, N. J.
Freeman, Martha	Plymouth, Pa.
Fremmer, Florence H.	375 Haverhill Street, Lawrence, Mass.
Gardner, Inez J.	West Stoughton, Mass.
Gerber, Laura E.	6329 Burbridge Avenue, Germantown, Pa.
Gibbs, Natalie K.	25 Slater Avenue, Norwich, Conn.
Gladding, Gladys	Norwich, N. Y.
Gladding, Grace	Norwich, N. Y.
Goddard, Marie	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Goff, Jessie B.	68 Prospect Street, Fall River, Mass.
Gordon, Mabel R.	27 Brockenbury Street, Beverly, Mass.
Green, Clara L.	32 Broadhead Avenue, Jamestown, N. Y.

NAME	ADDRESS
Haley, Adelaide	Saco, Me.
Hall, Edith R.	587 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Halley, Helen J.	Rapid City, South Dakota.
Hamblet, Ruth H.	120 Federal Street, Salem, Mass.
Hammond, Eleanor M.	Silver Creek, N. Y.
Hardison, Matie L.	Abbott Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Hardman, Elizabeth	84 Eagle Street, North Adams, Mass.
Hart, Ruth S.	50 Buckingham Avenue, Waterbury, Conn.
Hasbrouck, Louise S.	108 Crescent Park, Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Hastings, Clarissa S.	207 Pine Street, Holyoke, Mass.
Heaford, Ethel V.	3634 Vernon Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Heinz, Flora H.	Terrace Heights, Davenport, Iowa.
Hewitt, Evelyn E.	70 Crown Street, Meriden, Conn.
Hewitt, Florence H.	Portsmouth, N. H.
Hill, Nina M.	Ayer, Mass.
Hinkley, Laura E.	217 Freeman Avenue, Luverne, Minn.
Holmes, Mary W.	Wellesley, Mass.
Houghton, Grace M.	10 Clermont Street, Worcester, Mass.
Howe, Esther L.	West Coxsackie, N. Y.
Hunter, Bonnie M.	5125 Jefferson Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Hunter, Louise	5125 Jefferson Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Huntington, Ruth L.	Milton, Mass.
Hussey, Laura M.	Wellesley, Mass
Hutsinpillar, Florence W.	45 North Fifth Street, Ironton, Ohio.
Hyde, Ethel G.	171 Hancock Street, Cambridge, Mass.
Jacobs, May L.	253 Collins Street, Hartford, Conn.
Jenkins, Mary B.	303 South Rankin Steeet, Natchez, Miss.
Jessup, Maude L.	317 Main Street, Pen Yan, N. Y.
Johansen, M. Christina	9 Highland Avenue, Natick, Mass.
Johnson, Beulah P.	98 West Central Street, Natick, Mass.
Kelly, Jeannette S.	120 Clivedon Avenue, Germantown, Pa.
Kilbourn, Henrietta A.	927 Superior Street, Racine, Wis.
Kinney, Marion	Claremont, Cal.
Kitchen, Ida W.	449 Locust Avenue, Germantown, Pa.
Kohn, Stella	634 Eighteenth Street, Rock Island, Ill.

NAME	ADDRESS
KRAMER, ESTELLA C.	1151 Logan Avenue, Denver, Col.
LAMBIE, JANET McC.	1027 Locust Street, Allegheny, Pa.
LAWSON, ALICE R	21 Addison Street, Gloucester, Mass.
LEE, MARJORIE	Roselle, N. J.
LEWIS, GERTRUDE	Castine, Me.
LINCOLN, RUTH P.	92 East Main Street, Norwich, N. Y.
LINN, CATHERINE	Idaho Springs, Col.
LITTLE, MARY V.	321 Linden Street, Memphis, Tenn.
LONG, BERTHA M.	320 East Lawrence Avenue, Charlotte, Mich.
LORD, ELIZABETH	Stowe, Mass.
LUKENS, GERTRUDE	Oxford, N. J.
LYON, RUTH	Redlands, Cal.
McCLURE, ANNIE B.	Paris, Ky.
McCOY, MARGARET E.	317 Mulberry Street, Lancaster, Ohio.
MACDONALD, ELEANOR W.	Chillicothe, Ohio.
McDONALD, LILIAN A.	5750 Madison Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
McKEARIN, JENNIE E.	Proctor, Vt.
McLEOD, MARGARET	Wyoming, Ohio.
McTAGGERT, ETHEL M.	35 Somerset Street, Worcester, Mass.
MARSH, SARAH F.	Danvers Centre, Mass.
MARSHALL, ALICE M.	150 Newtonville Avenue, Newton, Mass.
MARVIN, JESSIE A.	Meadville, Pa.
MAY, MAUDE R.	514 Washington Avenue, Scranton, Pa.
MILLER, MARY O.	29 West Fourth Street, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
MONROE, ELEANOR P.	330 Gowen Avenue, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.
MOODY, ETHEL I.	32 Winnemay Street, Natick, Mass.
MORE, CLARA S.	7 Soldiers Place, Buffalo, N. Y.
MORROW, JULIE M.	59 Church Street, Norwich, Conn.
MURKLAND, ETHEL S.	64 Johnson Street, Lynn, Mass.
NEAL, MINNIE E.	2 Fairmont Street, Lawrence, Mass.
NEWTON, ABBIE H.	2415 Auburn Avenue, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio.
NOBLE, WILLA C.	65 Church Street, Montclair, N. J.
NUSBICKEL, TUSANELDA	41 Broad Street, Lyons, N. Y.
NYE, MARY L.	Wellesley, Mass
OGDEN, ADELE	Keyport, N. J.

NAME	ADDRESS
Orr, Annie D.	506 Sherman Avenue, Allegheny, Pa.
Osborn, Emily	4737 Kimback Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Packard, Blanche E.	Oakham, Mass.
Patrick, Cordelia D.	24 Woodland Park, Chicago, Ill.
Peck, Helen E.	Peace Dale, R. I.
Phillips, Alice B	362 Franklin Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Pierce, Mabel L.	1389 Harrison Street, Oakland, Cal.
Pinny, Myra F.	76 North Lafayette Street, Valparaiso, Ind.
Platt, Bertha D.	32 Grove Hill, New Britain, Conn.
Poole, Eldora M.	Sharon, Mass.
Potter, Marion E.	509 Traphagen Street, West Hoboken, N. J.
Proctor, Lucy B.	15 Prospect Avenue, Revere, Mass.
Proctor, Marion L.	15 Prospect Avenue, Revere, Mass.
Pryse, Nora E.	Beattyville, Lee County, Ky.
Quale, Helen L.	Silver Creek, N. Y.
Renard, Helen	4463 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo.
Rhodes, Louise	11 Hillside Avenue, Winsted, Conn.
Riley, Mary G.	1754 S Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
Ring, Elsie L.	Ambler, Pa.
Risdon, Jeannette	261 Bowery Street, Ravenna, Ohio.
Robson, Olive	Wellesley Hills.
Rollins, Helen	Ellsworth, Me.
Russell, Julia	81 Surrey Street, Brighton, Mass.
Sanford, Alice I.	West Torrington, Conn.
Schenck, Martha	3015 Homer Boulevard, Denver, Col.
Schoolfield, Sue F.	Danville, Va.
Scott, Anna M.	6214 Wayne, Germantown, Pa.
Scudder, S. Agnes	Linden, Md.
Sherwood, Grace P.	102 Waverley Place, New York City.
Simpson, Grace W.	1149 Walnut Street, Boston, Mass.
Smith, Natalie A.	Newton Highlands, Mass.
Smouse, D. Alberta	704 Nineteenth Street, Des Moines, Iowa.
Snow, Florence B.	1085 Main Street, Melrose Highlands, Mass.
Soutter, Carrie C.	846 First Avenue, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Sperry, Elizabeth	Mount Vernon, Ohio.

NAME	ADDRESS
Stearns, Edith H.	248 Home Avenue, Oak Park, Ill.
Steele, Madeline C.	1525 Pearl Street, Denver, Col.
Stevens, Margaret O.	Clinton, Conn.
Sullivan, Ethel U. Z.	80 South Street, New York City.
Summy, Edna	25 Lane Place, Chicago, Ill.
Talcott, Faith H.	Talcottville, Conn.
Tate, Mary D.	71 Chestnut Avenue, Waterbury, Conn.
Taylor, Edna L.	619 Walnut Street, McKeesport, Pa.
Taylor, Lucy	93 Park Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.
Thomas, Helen M.	1204 Eleventh Avenue, Greeley, Col.
Todd, Bertha M.	283 Downer Place, Aurora, Ill.
Townsend, Marion L.	16 Pearl Street, Glen Falls, N. Y.
Troy, Minnie H.	25 Vernon Street, Worcester, Mass.
Tuttle, Ella	173 Great Plain Avenue, Needham, Mass.
Tyler, Julia G.	College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va.
Van Nuys, Annis	1445 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles, Cal.
Van Wagenen, Florence	Oxford, N. Y.
Wales, Helen L.	Stoughton, Mass.
Waller, Mary Elizabeth	Westboro, Mass.
Ware, Gertrude H.	Higham, Mass.
Watson, Bertha S.	822 Colorado Street, Bridgeport, Conn.
Weatherbee, Caroline L.	198 Broadway, Bangor, Me.
Webber, Margaret D.	89 Lathrop Street, Beverley, Mass.
Webster, Frances M.	12 Maple Street, Auburn, N. Y.
Whitaker, Harriet B.	Tyngsborough, Mass.
White, Effie A.	Sioux Rapids, Iowa.
Wholean, Minnie L.	26 Kellogg Street, Westfield, Mass.
Wilkins, Zora P.	Middletown, Mass.
Windram, Muriel E.	Willis, Mass.
Woodbury, Grace	33 Summer Street, Dorchester, Mass.
Worthington, Euphenia R.	165 Pawling Avenue, Troy, N. Y.
Young, Ruth Van P.	801 Market Street, Williamsport, Pa.

The Freshman

"The book-answer has 4 square-roots;
But I have I.
The book-answer doesn't look like mine
I don't see why."

Class of Nineteen Hundred and Five

Members

NAME	ADDRESS
Abbott, Marie Louise	96 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, N. Y
Allen, Mary Bruce	48 Newhall Street, Lynn, Mass.
Ambrose, Clara Evelyn	South Byfield, Mass.
Baker, May Josephine	Royal Oaks, Mich.
Baker, Winifred Cornelia	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Ball, Edith Preble	214 Windermere Avenue, Wayne, Pa.
Bartlett, Hazel A.	834 North East Street, Indianapolis, Ind.
Beck, Florence Emery	213 Foster Street, Harrisburg, Pa.
Behrens, Helen Eckstein	24 Chase Street, Lynn, Mass.
Bement, Florence	265 Otis Street, West Newton, Mass.
Billyard, Louise M.	Church Street, Wellesley, Mass.
Bishop, Mabel	849 Myrtle Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.
Bixby, Fanny Weston	Long Beach, Los Angeles Co., Cal.
Bostwick, Juliet Coryell	307 Court Street, Jonesville, Wis.
Bouton, Henrietta Per Lee	649 Pearl Street, Elizabeth, N. J.
Bradburn, Lotta R.	Holyoke, Mass.
Bradford, Ruth C.	22 Carson Steeet, Dorchester, Mass.
Breck, Mary Alice	605 Washington Street, Scranton, Pa.
Brooks, Rachel B.	Amherst, Mass.
Brown, Ethel M.	Watertown, N. Y.
Brown, Helen Lucretia	27 Elm Street, Penacook, N. H.
Brown, Isabel Carswell	84 Pleasant Street, Woburn, Mass.
Brownell, Alberta Simmons	244 Winter Street, Fall River, Mass.
Bruce, Clara Harding	18 Shepard Street, Worcester, Mass.
Brunquist, Hattie Louise	8 Holden Street, Attleboro, Mass.
Buchanan, Alice Fint	1023 South Twenty-ninth Street, Omaha, Neb.
Bullis, Helen M.	401 Laurnes Street, Olean, N. Y.
Calhoun, Emma May	23 West Willis Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

NAME	ADDRESS
Camp, Elizabeth Lewis	Seymour, Conn.
Caverly, Mona Mary	72 Jewett Street, Newton, Mass.
Champney, Bessie Coe	874 Case Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.
Chandler Isabelle	Macomb, Del.
Chapman, Olive Lee	1021 Ninth Avenue, Oakland, Cal.
Chase, Alice Durgin	Derry, N. H.
Chase, Clara Seamen	21 Fuller Street, Brockton, Mass.
Chipman, Ruth Linda	"Hotel Hamilton," Brockton, Mass.
Clark, Polly Jane	Middelboro, Mass.
Clause, Alice Elizabeth	27 Thorn Street, Sewickley, Pa.
Cole, Elizabeth	960 Bryden Road, Columbus, O.
Collier, Maud Winifred	Kinderbrook, N. Y.
Condit, Abbie Harrison	34 Lincoln Street, East Orange, N. J.
Cook, Helen Dodd	100 Park Street, Montclair, N. J.
Couillard, Ada Sturgis	118 South Fullerton Avenue, Montclair, N. J.
Cowan, Luna Laight	40 Highland Avenue, Waterbuy, Conn.
Crane, Henrietta Mead	38 Church Street, Montclair, N. J.
Crosby, Evelyn	Centerville, Cape Cod, Mass.
Crosby, Ruth Susan	590 High Street, West Medford, Mass.
Curtiss, Lucy S.	Warren, Litchfield Co., Conn.
Cushing, Katharine Bullard	Medford, Mass.
Daniel, Helen Georgina	Osterville, Mass.
Daniels, Helen Louise	Douglass Road, Glen Ridge, N. J.
Darling, Blanche Mildred	West Hartford, Conn.
Dewey, Olive Cornelia	Toulon, Ill
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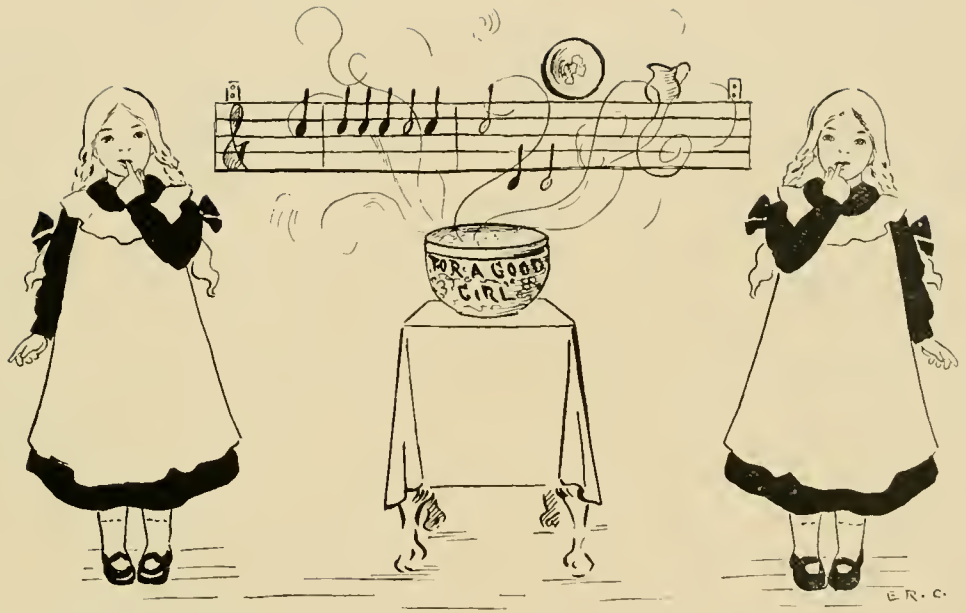

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How strangely doth music entice!
Though Five-year girl sounds very nice,
And it looks very fair,
In the catalogue there,
But just think of being fresh twice!

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Wilson, Marion E.	Sedgewick, Me.

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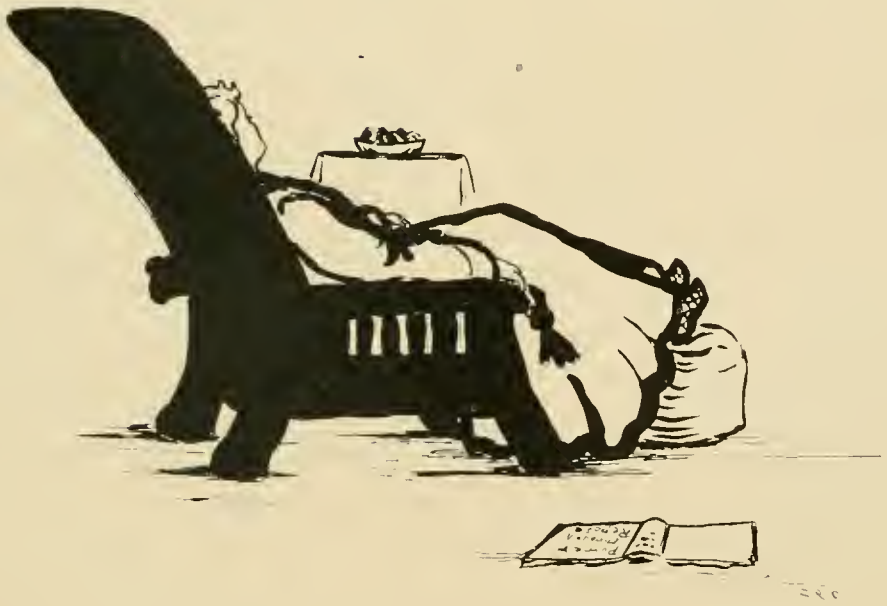
The Special has a lasy time,
A-lying in her chair;
She makes some fudge to keep her up
That is her only care.



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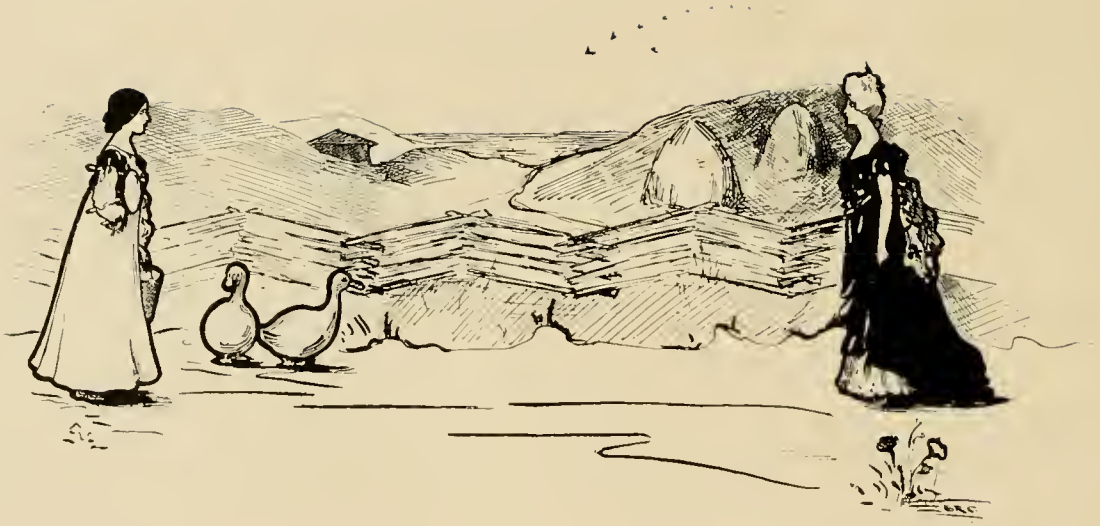

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Clare H. Conklin
Annie B. Stowe
Alice W. Cole
S. B. McGraw
F. E. Petrie
Rachel S. Haines
Margery Gouinlock
Blanche Wells
E. J. Slack
U. S. Bridge
Julia Wells
Mary T. Montgomery
Florence E. Rich
Lucy Stackhouse
Florence Evans
Clare Wallower
Lulu McAusland

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Captain

KATHERINE E. HOTZ

Coxswain

ELIZABETH M. KITTREDGE

FLORENCE M. OSBORNE, Stroke
JANE M. BUTTON, 7
M. BERRY WOOD, 6
M. GREY BARRON, 5
AMY W. ADAMS, 4
HELEN T. LISTER, 3
MAE McE. RICE, 2
KATHERINE E. HOTZ, Bow

Substitutes

SARA M. BROWN
BLANCHE L. BIRCH
HELEN WINGER
RUTH E. THOMAS

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Anna Elizabeth Snyder . . . . Head of Golf

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Caroline Hazard

Alpheus Hardy

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F. M. Perry
K. M. Edwards
A. S. Montague
L. E. Sheble
E. F. Pendleton
E. B. Sherard
A. Walton
C. Fletcher

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M. C. Richardson
B. W. Neuhauser
L. Goodward
H. French
T. L. Ellsion
G. Wells
A. C. Goodloe
B. Beach
G. Silver
E. L. Stern
A. E. Snyder
Sibyl Baker
N. A. Hubbs
C. Draper
T. Dutcher
M. Dewar
E. Diehl
S. H. McDonald
E. Clifford
M. L. Jacobs
E. Monroe
M. Thompson
A. P. Wells
S. Kohn
E. Colman
Annie McClure
T. A. Martin
L. Herman
L. Hegeman
E. Whidden
A. D. Orr
M. Sawhill

GLEE CLUB

Glee Club

Officers

Elizabeth MacCrellish, '02	President
Hetty Shepard Wheeler, '02	Leader
Isabella S. Pinkham, '05	Librarian
Juliet J. Poynter, '05	Accompanist
Hamilton C. Macdougall	Musical Director

Members

First Soprano

Elizabeth MacCrellish, '02
Bertha D. Platt, '04
Hetty S. Wheeler, '02
Grace A. Bennett, Sp.

Second Soprano

Helen L. Grover, '02
Olive Nevin, '05
Annie Bruce McClure, '04
Helen Daniels, '05

First Alto

Mary Bradshaw, '02
Elizabeth Colman, '04
Elsie Van T. Roberts, '03
Marion Talbot, '05

Second Alto

Ruth R. Forbes, '02
Amy M. Ford, '02
Lillian L. Libby, '02
Isabella S. Pinkham, '05

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Alice Wilcox, '02	Leader
Myra Sawhill, '02	Secretary and Treasurer

Members

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Ethel Heaford, '04
Carol Kampman, '02
Juliet Cook, '02

Second Mandolin

Myra Sawhill, '02
Georgia Silver, '02
Elsie Appel, '04

Third Mandolin

Marjorie Gouinlock, '02
Sue B. Ainslie, '03

Guitar

Lucia Proctor, '03
Helen Cogswell, '03
Zoe Hatch, '03
Eliza McCague, '05
Alice M. Wilcox, '02

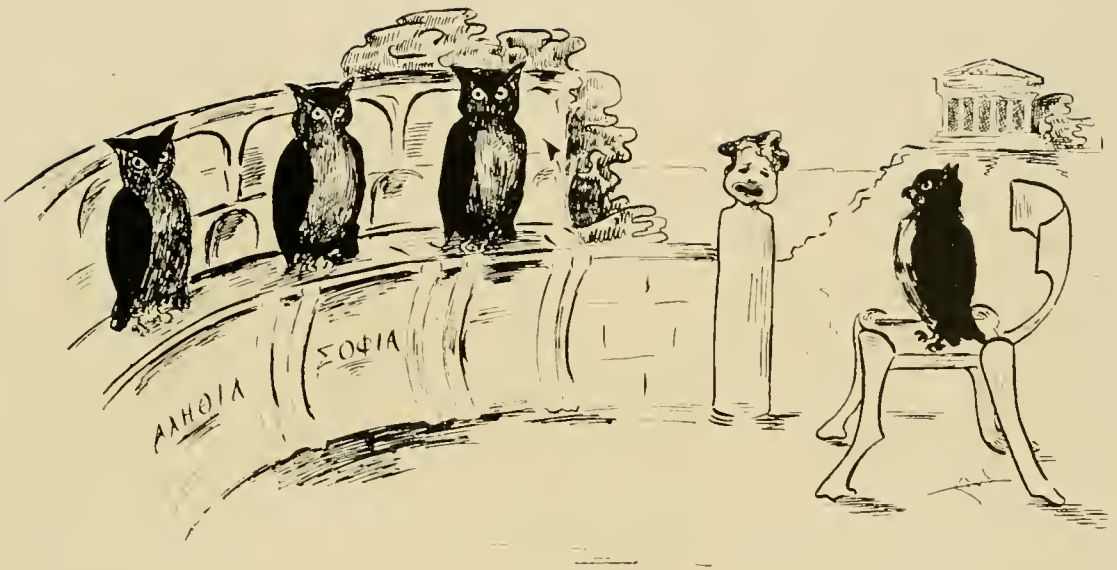
Mandola

Jessica Lathrop, '03

Hamilton C. Macdougall . . .	Musical Director
Hetty Shepard Wheeler, '02 .	Chorister

Members

Margaret L. Abbot, '04
Grace A. Bennett, '05
Helene Buhlert, '03
Elizabeth Camp, '05
Isabel Chandler, '05
Alice L. Chapin, '05
Elizabeth Coleman, '04
Maude Collyer, '05
Helen L. Daniels, '05
Mary P. Eaton, '04
Amy M. Ford, '02
Bernise Gallup, '05
Maude Jessup, '05
Marion Kinney, '04
Elizabeth MacCrellish, '02
Adele Ogden, '04
Cordelia Patrick, '05
Helen E. Peck, '05
Isabel Pinkham, '05
Bertha D. Platt, '04
Clare S. Raymond, '03
Elsie Van T. Roberts, '03
S. Agnes Scudder, '04
Edna Summy, '04
Lilla Weed, '02
Hetty S. Wheeler, '02



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Mary Case
Eva Chandler
E. A. McC. Gamble
Lydia B. Godfrey
Sophie C. Hart
Helen Kelsey
Martha G. McCaulley
Margarethe Muller
Ellen F. Pendelton
Margaret Sherwood
Alice Walton
Mary G. Gordon
Carla Wenckebach
Caroline Hazard
Grace Cooley
Adelaide T. Locke
Mary Bowen
Mr. Macdougall

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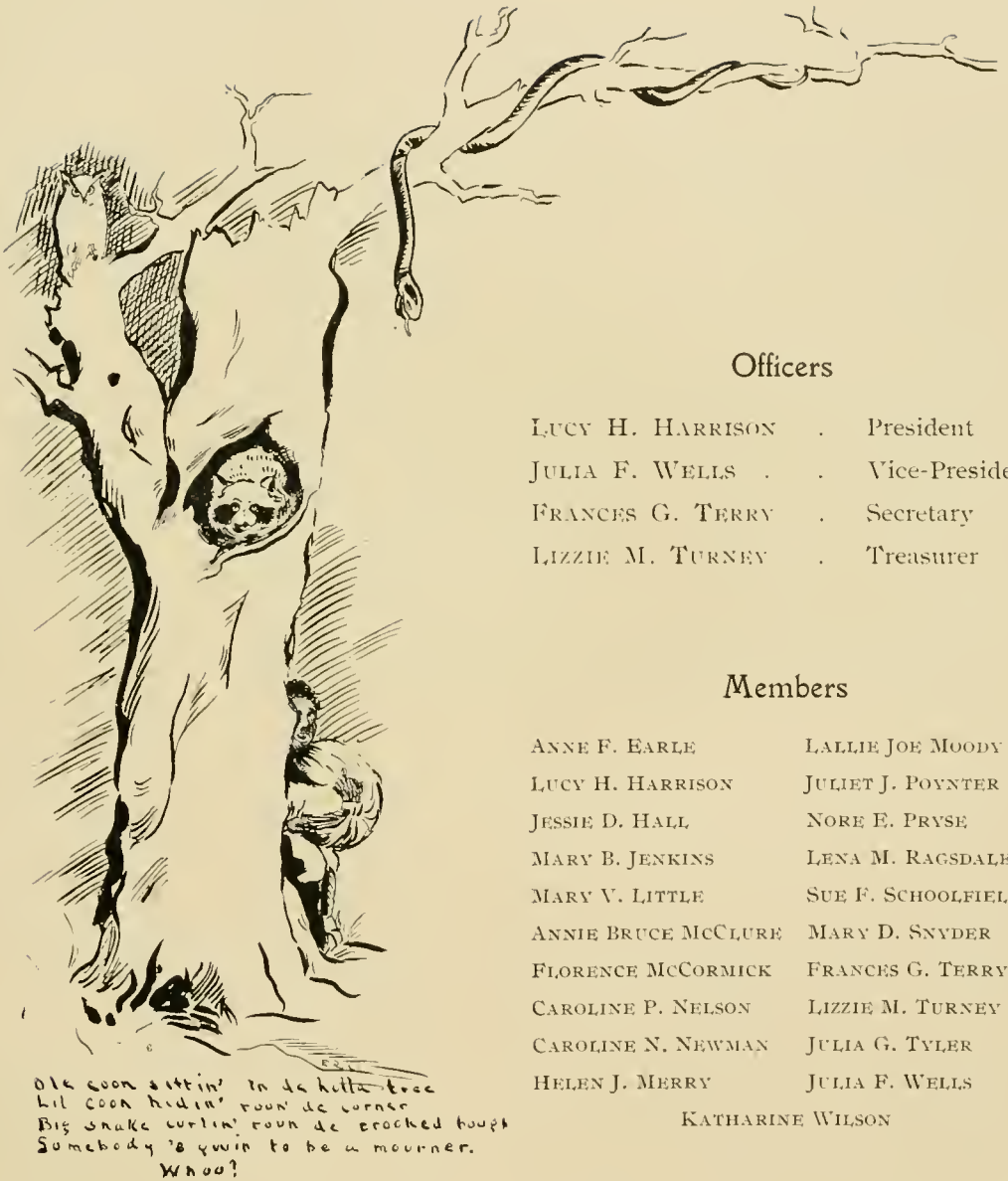
S. B. Ainslie
S. W. Allen
N. S. Bridge
M. W. Brooks
M. A. Brown
A. S. Carlisle
C. H. Conklin
H. L. Decker
Edith Diehl
C. B. Draper
C. A. Faber
M. R. Fleming
Amy Ford
A. M. Gamble
Harriet Goddard
M. P. Gordon
Lucile Green
J. L. Gregory
H. L. Grover
Rachel Haines
Helen Harrington
L. H. Harrison
Lucy Hegeman
C. M. Holt
Jessie Hutsinpillar
Mabel Hyde
A. M. Klingenhagen
L. L. Libby
A. G. Lyon
Elizabeth MacCrellish
B. W. Manwaring
Mary Maxwell
M. B. Wood
A. K. Miller
M. P. Montgomery
L. B. Moody
C. E. Pitkin
F. E. Pitkin
Florence Rich
Gertrude Schopperle
Elvira Slack
M. C. Smith
Lucy Stackhouse
Annie Stocking
Frankie Sullivan
Edith Turner
Clara Wallower
Julia Wells
Helen Winger



Southern Club

Officers

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Julia F. Wells	.	Vice-President
Frances G. Terry	.	Secretary
Lizzie M. Turney	.	Treasurer

Members

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Lucy H. Harrison
Jessie D. Hall
Mary B. Jenkins
Mary V. Little
Annie Bruce McClure
Florence McCormick
Caroline P. Nelson
Caroline N. Newman
Helen J. Merry
Lallie Joe Moody
Juliet J. Poynter
Nore E. Pryse
Lena M. Ragsdale
Sue F. Schoolfield
Mary D. Snyder
Frances G. Terry
Lizzie M. Turney
Julia G. Tyler
Julia F. Wells

Katharine Wilson

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Leah B. Friend	Vice-President
Elizabeth Bass	Secretary
Charlotte E. Hobbs	Treasurer

Members

In Facultate

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Grace Emily Cooley
Henrietta Gardiner
Susan Maria Hallowell
Laura Emma Lockwood
Harriet Noyer Randall
Charlotte Fitch Roberts
Charlotte Scott Whiton
Mary Alice Willcox

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Evangeline Hathaway
Anna C. Witherle

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Jessica Haskell
Charlotte E. Hobbs
Elizabeth M. Kittredge
Marcia C. McIntire
Helen N. Rounds

Class of 1903

Elizabeth Bass
Leah B. Friend
Martha V. Poor
Harriet M. Silsbee
Winona Tilton
Betsy M. Todd

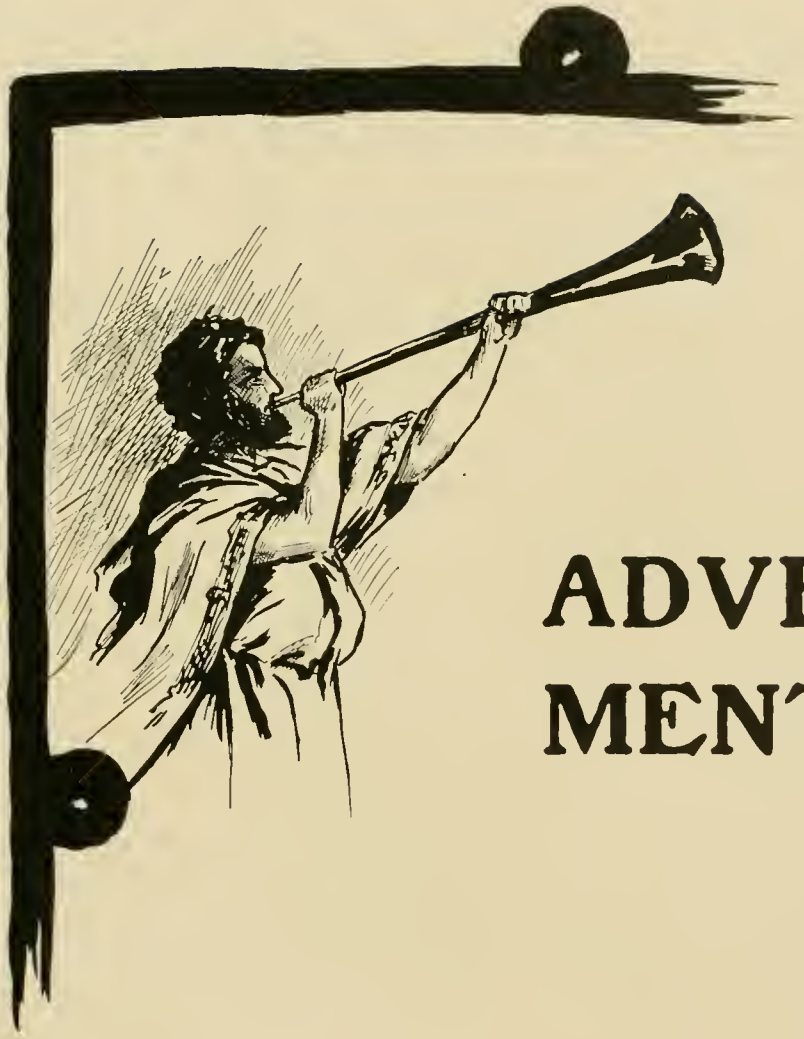
Class of 1904

Margaret L. Abbot
Mary E. Bartlett
Jane L. Burbank
E Rebecca Ellis
Adelaide Haley
Gertrude Lewis
Helen Rollins
Caroline L. Weatherbee
Bertha S. Watson

Class of 1905

Elizabeth S. Holden
Alice M. Pierce
Mary C. Richardson
Harriet Rollins
Alice A. Stearns
Abbie O. Stoddard
Marion Talbot
Alice D. Whalen
Marion E. Wilson

Lake of white at holy night.
In the moonlight gleaming.
Softly o'er thy wooded shore,
Silver radiance streaming
On thy wavelets bear away,
Every care we've known today.
Bring on thy returning way.
Peaceful happy dreaming.



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The Summer Man

You all must know the summer man,
  That epicurean youth
Who feels he is an ornament
  To Nature's work, forsooth!
Just like the lilies of the field,
  He neither toils nor spins;
His summer flannels are a dream,
  Likewise his ties and pins.

So disinclined to exercise,
  I know beyond a doubt
That when he asks me for a dance
  He'd rather sit it out.
And golf? So picturesque he looks,
  Let others court the tan,
But save from hot and strenuous drives,
  My tender summer man.

For your support, sweet summer man,
  I'd all my powers engage,
Did not, alas! chill penury
  Repress my noble rage;
Adieu, bright summer man, adieu!
  Be yours some luckier "goil"
Whose father owns a sugar trust
  Or eke a standard oil.

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A Freshman's Valentine to Her Algebra Instructor

O thou, who gaugest every one
  By mental calculation,
Be algebra our mutual joy,
  Our final soul's salvation.

All wit is dull, all hope is lost,
  And life lacks true fruition,
If some equation, fond and fair,
  Be not our high ambition.

Oh! put thy decimal hand in mine;
  With me seek Truth's wide portal,
Let endless rows of figures be
  Our ecstacy immortal.

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A Freshman's Valentine to Her Algebra Instructor—Continued

O, view with interest my heart,
  Thou powerful attractor!
And let our mutual fondness be
  Our highest common factor.

Let love be – jealousy,
  But x sincere attraction;
My only rival the sub – mul
  Tiple of a duplicate fraction.

With love raised to the 7th power
  We'll soar to realms ecstatic;
And there pursue with gleeful joy,
  Some higher mathematic.

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Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came

Freshmen

Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came,
But then the Tower was not to blame,
For it, as any stone, stood still—
Childe Roland rode straight up the hill.

Childe Roland's coat was vivid green,
But then what else could it have been,
For it, as any coat should do,
Just matched the wearer's emerald hue.

Childe Roland's steed a pony was,
But then, he only rode because
His gait, unmounted, was so slow,
No one had ever seen him go.

Within the Tower Childe Roland went,
But then, forsooth, he had been sent
To reappear ; if still alive,
Sometime in June of 1905.

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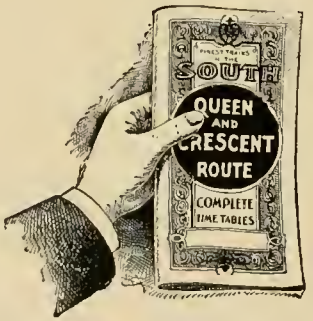

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Never The Time Nor The Place

Junior

Never the time nor the place,
  But these protected must be ;
With tearful and petulant face,
  They fly to the Kind Faculty.

There, harbored and sheltered from woe,
  They smile in a satisfied way,
Because they don't happen to know,
  How funny they look, there, at bay.

Among The Rocks

Sophomore

Among the rocks—why be afraid ?
  For none can break our bones,
Unless, perchance, we crack ourselves,
  By falling on the stones.

Among the rocks—why pick our way ?
  There is no way to pick,
We have to plunge right into things,
  They are so very thick.

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Senior

One more last trot together,
A gallop or two on the plains;
A smile and a nod, if fair weather,
A nod and a tear if it rains.

With daisies our pathway bestrewing
And a cheer for ourselves as we go,
Not a care for what others are doing,
We trot to the good stake below.

—B. A.

Graduates

After

After youth there comes a time, when
Life seems on its course to turn,
And we find we have as much then
As at first we had to learn.

Long ago these maidens ceased to
Cry when mamma went away.
Now, they make the welkin ring with
Their implorings for M. A.

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Which

Special

Quoth a maiden, with a forehead,
  "Shall I all my bumps expand?
Such a head would be so huge that
  Hats for it could not be planned.

"But a few, if I develop
  Making here and there a lump
Will astonish all the natives,
  They'll be saying, 'see that hump.'"

What

Five Years

College is —— what?
  Exams redundant,
  Flunk notes abundant,
There is the blot.

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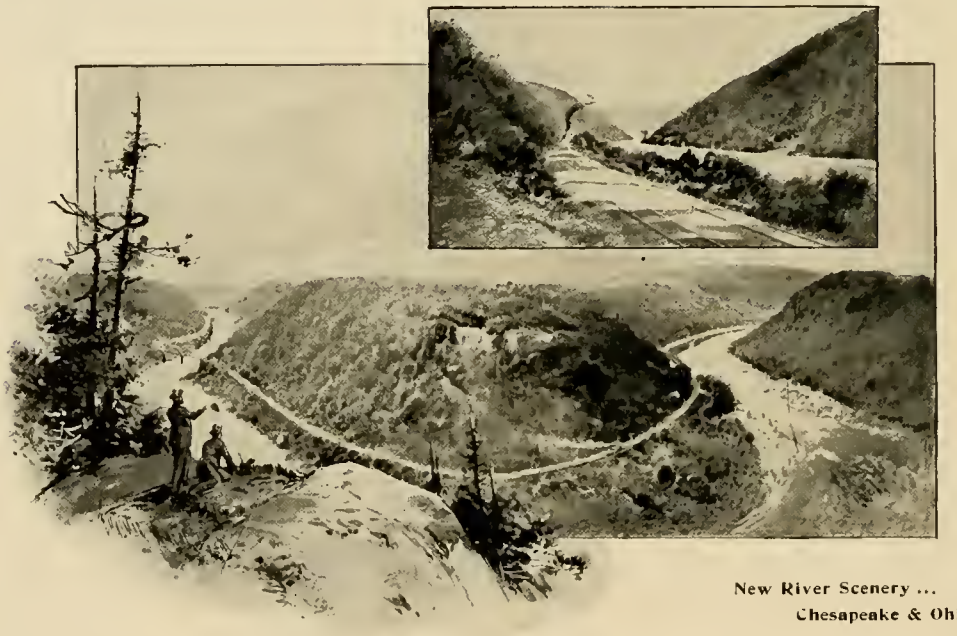

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"O, Facultie-i-ee-i-ee,
Wilt be my chaperon?"
"If it is to the theatre,
I'll wear the best I own."
"No, 'tis to the College Settlement,"
Down, down my high hopes sank,
"I'm very sorry I am so tired,
Perhaps you can get Miss ———."

"What causes this excitement?" asked a stranger in the town,
"There has come a gifted player who has won immense renown;
But we've quite forgot the instrument she plays, we're in distress!"
"Why, don't you know? On Washburn's mandolin she's won success!"

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CINCINNATI OHIO

A Saga of Two Monsters

Have you read it in the sagas
Of the college fair of Wellesley
College fair and very stately
Of a thing they call Forensics
Which devours luckless Juniors?
Some there be who from its portals
Come alive, but oh! my people,
You should note their weary features,
Note their hair grown gray and hoary
From much plucking in the night time
In the contests with the monster.
They have bought their lives full dearly,
And when victors from the struggle
Forth they step among their fellows,
Pitying eyes are bent upon them,
On their weak and feeble footsteps
Trembling tread not like a warriors.

In the fall of 1900
When returning to the battle
Juniors bold come back to Wellesley.

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A Saga of Two Monsters—Continued

There they found another monster,
Great in bulk and very fearsome,
English XV was his title.
But Debates the maidens called him
And he drew to battle with him
Chanting oft their joyous war-cry
With its ringing note of triumph.
Every part had been well trained
Perfect were they in their sinews
(For the training was not easy)
Models they of doughty warriors.

You who follow in our footsteps,
Warning take from our example.
Shun the foe, the fierce Forensics,
But engage you in the conflict
With Debates, the mighty trainer,
And you'll happy be and fearless
'Fore whatever may befall you
In the dim and distant region
Where the Senior warriors gather.

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---

To ——

"Something to read!" he handed down
A neat little volume, *The Cap and Gown*.
She wrinkled her brows; then in accents lame,
"You — must have been measured,
But I — haven't your name."

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I dipped my pen in the ink,
  Then silently sat and thought,
But nothing appeared on the paper,
  Except a jagged blot.

So I sat and thonght in silence,
  Of the things I would have penned,
And the blot was but the beginning,
  Alas ! it was also the end.

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Miss Conant and Miss Bigelow

PRINCIPALS

Rubber!

Now, what if we were beastlets,
  And went upon all fours,
How could we walk on tiptoe,
  Along the corridors?

Wear rubber on our hooflets,
  To drown the noise, you say?
Just think, please, of the prices
  That we should have to pay.

For rubber is so scarce now,
  And rubber goods so dear,
That even heels of rubber,
  Look out of place and queer.

Oh! would you know the reason?
  I answer at your beck,
'Tis just because each Proctor,
  Must have a rubber neck.

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THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS—Two Trains Daily

I fell asleep and dreamed a dream; and what
do you suppose?
My statued Venus did appear with arms as
well as clothes!
The shock, it was too great for me, and wak-
ing with a start,
'Twas an intense relief to find she had no
added part.

To Miss Sherrard, one winter's day,
A gloomy Junior went her way:
No doubt that she was then sick.
When asked her symptoms to declare,
She murmured with a stony stare,
"My head! I am foren–sick."

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The train did rumble heavily, as through the night it sped,
And I in berth did lie awake and curse that wiggly bed.
"But still," thought I, "one comfort is in store for me to-night,
We'll pass Niagara Falls, and I'll see that wondrous sight."
But, oh! alas! I went to sleep just after Buffalo,
And now, if I would see those Falls, I back again must go.